EERIE 3

NEW TERROR TALES IN THE CREEPY TRADITION!

EERIE

PDC

MAY
No. 3

A WARREN MAGAZINE 35¢

ILLUSTRATED PLUNGE INTO MONSTROUS FRIGHT!

GLAD YOU FOUL FIENDIES CREPT BACK FOR ANOTHER SHRIEK SESSION HERE AT THE MOLDY MAUSOLEUM...UNCLE CREEPY'S WRITHING IN RAGE AT THE RECEPTION RIOT GIVEN MY HYSTERICAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION OF TOMB TOMES! SOME OF THE COMMENTS IN OUR NEW LETTERS PAGE SHOW YOU WHY...
...BUT FOR NOW, STEEL YOUR NERVES FOR THIS LATEST ISSUE OF... EERIE!

EERIE

NO.3

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DEAR COUSIN EERIE

. . . Now I'm not the type to write in and complain about petty mistakes, but I think you made a pretty big boo boo. Correct me if I'm wrong, but isn't the March 1966 issue, the one that came out December 28, 1965, supposed to be issue #1, and not #2 as you have on the cover and on the first page?

Gary Henry
Glendora, California

The above letter reflects what almost every piece of mail asks concerning our COLLECTOR'S EDITION of EERIE. You FIENDISH FANS also tied up our switchboard and even dropped by in person to get the answer . . . So, before turning this Letters Column over to the wart-covered hands of COUSIN EERIE, we'd like to make an explanation concerning the numbering.

As announced in all Warren Publications, EERIE #1 was scheduled to go on sale December 28th, but during the summer of 1965, it became necessary to take legal steps toward the protection and registration of the title EERIE. This involved putting out a digest-size edition designated "#1", using some of our backlog material, which was published nationally and sold throughout the country in various selected cities. This secured our right to the title, but made it necessary to number the collector's edition "#2".

Unfortunately for collectors of our back issues, copies are no longer available. However, there is no reason to be dismayed as ALL the material has since been incorporated into CREEPY and EERIE. So actually, you haven't missed a thing. And speaking of THINGS, crawly COUSIN EERIE is straining at his shroud, so we'd better give the Letters Column back to him while there's still some room.—Ed.

I've just received my acknowledgement for a six-issue subscription to your magazine. I'm the FIRST person in the neighborhood to subscribe. I'm getting the FIRST copy of your mag. Why not be the FIRST to congratulate you on your work?

Congratulations!

I can say that even before I see your work, because I know it will be terrific. Why not start an "Eerie Fan Club" like your cousin CREEPY did? Well, I'm going back to the old dungeon now, so, good luck and may your mag be allowed to thrive for a long time.

Ralph Forestel
Mt. Royalton, Ohio

This was also the FIRST fiendish fan letter I received, so it's only natural that it should be the FIRST printed on the letters page . . . but since I'm far from natural, it's printed second!—CE.

Wow! When you guys came out with CREEPY it was the greatest! Then, to really do a re-take, you blasted us with BLAZING COMBAT . . . Now, to freeze the spine of every connoisseur of "Terroriffic literature" (That's right, LITERATURE), you spook us with EERIE.

Usually when I read one of your magazines there are some stories that don't really do anything for me, but now that ole COUSIN EERIE has made our skinny UNCLE CREEPY move over, you have a way to double your terrific artistic and literary punch. EERIE was deep in the tradition of good ole CREEPY and BLAZING COMBAT for excellence.

By the way, the Monster Gallery is a superb idea, glad you thought of it. It can really keep the uninformed informed and even teach us old experts a few things.

Frank Miranda
Marysville, California

After a two month wait, I find myself now clutching my copy of the March issue of EERIE. You know what? I like it better than CREEPY! But I like UNCLE CREEPY better than I like COUSIN EERIE . . . Now I know you're confused. Actually, working on CREEPY for the past year or so has given you madmen at Warren a little more polish. I personally feel that the first edition of EERIE is much better than the first issue of CREEPY, from every point of view: Cover, Stories, Artwork. The thing I enjoyed most was that there was more descriptive narration, which added immensely to my enjoyment of the stories, as it added mood and drama to the art . . .

One of my favorites in the current edition is "Eye of the Beholder", illustrated by Jay Taycee. I have never heard of this gentleman, and have my supicions that it is not his real name . . . But then again, I'm the same idiot who thinks that Archie Goodwin and Joe Orlando are the same person . . .

Everyone will tell you that Frazetta's cover was beautiful, but let me add that they would all be so much more endearing if they were completely free from the imprint of title logo, issue number, and other blurbs that must be on the cover. I wish all the covers could be presented in the style of BLAZING COMBAT, with the illustration completely free from such matter, and surrounded by a border . . .

I do hope the Warren Publishing Empire continues to expand. I realize that taking a chance on a 35c "comic book" could be a very risky and financially disastrous experience. But Warren is currently the only publisher who is presenting terror and adventure yarns left untouched by the censors . . . I look forward to more Warren Magazines along the lines of CREEPY, BLAZING COMBAT, and EERIE. And you can be sure I will follow these existing titles steadily, and regularly I'll be there to complain about that which I did not like, and to praise you for what I did enjoy . . .

William M. Warner
Bronx, New York

I have enclosed my version of CREEPY's COUSIN EERIE, partly drawn from the half-picture in CREEPY #7's fan mail section. Please hurry out with EERIE so I can see how close I came to capturing his likeness.

Bob Merz
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Good Guess by Merz?

Good Gasp by Davis!

Great is all I have to say for EERIE. Every story was fabulous and the art was done in the CREEPY style. I especially liked "Ahead of the Game" and "One for De-Money". The artwork was most realistic in the latter. Please avoid stories about the Frankenstein monster. I have seen him killed so many times, it's starting to get boring.

Mike Mattei
Skokie, Illinois

I DO avoid stories about the Frankenstein monster . . . It's just that I use stories about monsters that are SIMILAR to the Frankenstein monster! But even you will like this issue's "Monsterwork" on page 27.—CE.

Your new magazine is just too great for words! Matter of fact,. I thought it was so superb that I bought THREE copies (one for myself and two for our monster club, in which UNCLE CREEPY and you have been made honorary members). I am also delighted over the fact that CREEPY will be out one month, and EERIE the next.

I have just one complaint, though, even if it can't be fixed now. I would like to see how many agree or disagree with me. I think it sounds a whole lot better to say "Uncle Eerie" and "Cousin Creepy." Anyway, I hope EERIE will be as big a success as CREEPY and that Frank Frazetta will keep those spine-chilling covers coming. Good Luck!

Bambi Searfoss
Belle Mead, New Jersey

Personally, I don't think there's anything to say about CREEPY that will sound better!—CE.

After reading your second great issue, I have come to the conclusion that CREEPY is inferior to the great new EERIE. One thing though. Please keep EERIE free of science fiction, o.k.? I like EERIE because you didn't run any robot-rocket jazz. There's a lot of difference between s-f and horror, you know . . .

Brian Shane
Erie, Pennsylvania

Your stories in EERIE are good, but not quite as good as the ones in CREEPY . . .

Michael A. White
McKinney, Texas

Want to write us? Address your poison pen letters to: ERRIE LETTERS, Dept. 3, 301 East 47th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

WELCOME TO A WILD BIT OF ***WEIRD WIZARDRY*** FROM MY ***MOLDY MAUSOLEUM*** OF MANIACAL MEMORIES! YOU'LL BE MEETING DR. CLIFFORD LOCKE, WHO WEAVES THIS PIECE OF ***WITCHCRAFT***... A SPELLBINDER THAT TOUCHES ON THE VERY...

SOUL OF HORROR!

WARLOCK! WIZARD! ***DEVIL-WORSHIPPER!*** WE'RE PUTTING AN END TO YOUR UNHOLY ***WITCHCRAFT!***

STAY BACK, YOU PUNY, MORTAL BUMPKINS! MY WORK WON'T BE STOPPED BY THE LIKES OF YOU!

I DO NOT KNOW THE EXACT DETAILS OF ***SIMON HECTATE'S*** DEATH. HE WAS AN EVIL MAN, UNMOURNED BY THE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGERS OF LARCHWICK. A FEW WHISPERED FACTS ARE CERTAIN: THE DATE WAS AUGUST 25, 1915... THE DEED WAS DONE TO THE LOUD SCREECHINGS OF BLACKBIRDS...

KILL HIM!

QUICKLY!

GET HIM!

ART BY ANGELO TORRES/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

THERE IS A LOCAL SUPERSTITION ABOUT BLACKBIRDS... THEY LIE IN WAIT FOR THE SOULS OF THE DYING, THEIR SCREECHES AND CHATTERING IN TUNE WITH THE LAST BREATHS! IF THEY CATCH THE DEPARTING SOUL, THEIR CRIES SHRIEK THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, IF NOT...

LISTEN! THEM BIRDS HAVE STOPPED!

JUST FLYIN' AWAY... *SIMON HECTATE'S SOUL IS STILL FREE!*

ALL THIS I LEARNED LATER. AT THAT SAME MOMENT, AS NEW RESIDENT DOCTOR TO THE AREA, DEATH WASN'T ON MY MIND, BUT *LIFE... LEMUEL CATLETT* WAS BEING BORN...

A BOY, MRS. CATLETT! BIG AND HEALTHY!

PLEASE, DR. LOCKE... LET ME LOOK AT HIM...

I PLACED THE BABY IN HER ARMS AND STEPPED BACK ... FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE MOTHER LOOKED INTO THE SHINY BLACK EYES AND RUDDY FACE OF HER SON...

EEEEEEEE-AAAAGGHHH!!

D-DOCTOR... S-SHE'S... *DEAD!*

THE TRAGEDY SAT ON ME LIKE A ROCK... MY WORDS OF COMFORT TO THE FATHER CAME FROM A CHOKED THROAT...

I'VE NEVER ENCOUNTERED ANYTHING LIKE IT... YOU MUST TAKE COMFORT IN THE BOY! HE'S ALL RIGHT... DOING WELL...

YES... I STILL HAVE HAVE... THE BOY...

IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, THE EFFECT OF THE TRAGEDY WAS SOFTENED SOMEWHAT BY INVOLVEMENT IN MY WORK... ALTHOUGH EACH TIME I MADE THE ROUNDS OF THE BACKWOODS COMMUNITY, I'D STOP AT THE CATLETT FARM...

THOUGHT I'D CHECK AND SEE HOW LEMUEL'S DOING...

THE BOY? WHY, HE'S FINE... GROWIN' BIG... STRONG... *FAST!* NEVER SEEN ANYTHIN' LIKE IT!

AFTER A YEAR, IT BECAME OBVIOUS TO ALL LARCHWICK, LEMUEL WAS NOT NORMAL... VILLAGERS BEGAN STEERING CLEAR OF THE CATLETT PLACE AND IT WAS SAID EVEN ANIMALS SHIED AND BALKED WHEN THE BOY WAS OUT...

I-IT'S FANTASTIC! MOST *FIVE-YEAR OLDS* AREN'T THIS DEVELOPED!

AN' HE *READS!* ANYTHIN' HE CAN GET HIS HANDS ON... LIKE HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR SUMTHIN'...

THROUGH THE YEARS, LEMUEL'S PHENOMENAL DEVELOPMENT CONTINUED, INCREASINGLY GROTESQUE... LIKE SOMETHING HUGE STRETCHING A CHILD'S FORM TO MAKE IT FIT! AND LEMUEL WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE CHANGING...

JUST AS LEAVE YOU DIDN'T DROP AROUND ANY MORE, DOC... BOY SAYS VISITORS BOTHER HIM! I'LL CALL IF I NEED YOU...

LORD! CATLETT WAS *MY* AGE WHEN LEM WAS BORN... BUT *NOW...*

THE YEARS ALSO BROUGHT CHANGES FOR ME... LOVE AND MARRIAGE... THOUGH A TERRIFYING EVENT MARRED MY WEDDING DAY...

QUICK, DOC... PA'S DYING ... KEEPS ASKIN' FOR YOU...

BEST COME

MY GOD!

GUESS WE'RE TOO LATE...

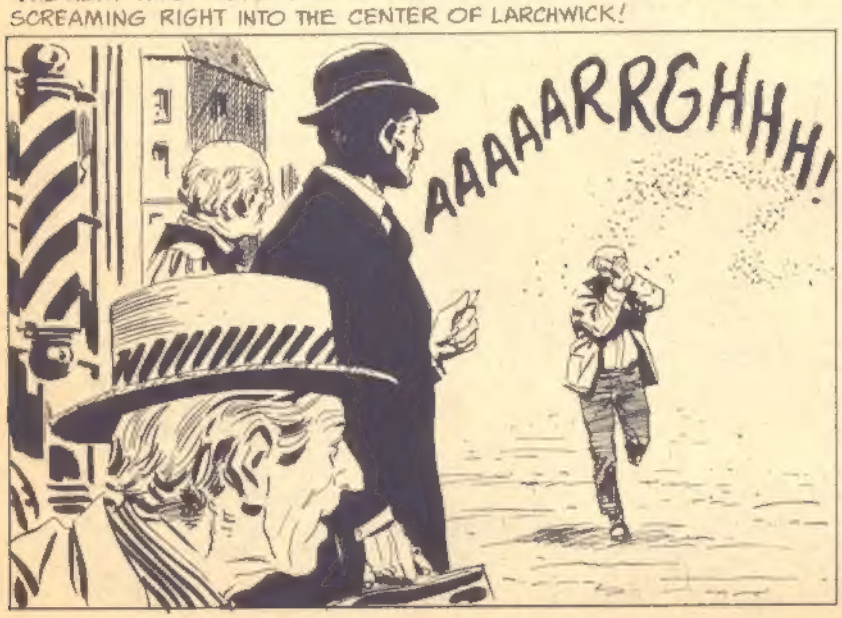
LEM! YOUR FATHER WAS ONLY *FORTY!* B-BUT THIS DRIED UP SHELL... IT'S LIKE ALL THE LIFE HAS BEEN DRAWN OUT OF HIS BODY...

LISSEN TO THOSE BLACKBIRDS... SOUNDS LIKE THEY CAUGHT A SOUL FOR SURE!

CATLETT'S FARM LEFT LEM WITH ENOUGH TO LIVE ON! THE RURAL SCHOOLS COULD OFFER HIM NOTHING. HE WAS LEFT ALONE, TO HIS AND LARCHWICK'S SATISFACTION. TIME PASSED... THEN THE HORRORS BEGAN...
GOOD LORD! YES... YES... I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

T-THE DOGS ALWAYS (SOB) LOVED HIM! T-TONIGHT WHEN HE WENT... TO FEED THEM (SOB)... THEY WENT CRAZY... TORE AT HIM (SOB) I H-HAD TO SHOOT THEM... TOO LATE!

THE IMAGE OF THE SAVAGELY TORN BODY HUNG IN MY MIND ON THE TRIP HOME, UNTIL A GROTESQUELY FAMILIAR FORM APPEARED AHEAD...
LATE TO BE TRAMPING ABOUT THE WOODS, ISN'T IT, LEM?
I LIKE THE WOODS, DOC... THE DARKNESS AND WILD CREATURES... BESIDES ..I HAD BUSINESS THERE!


THE NEXT TIME THERE WAS NO NEED TO CALL ME... DEATH CAME SCREAMING RIGHT INTO THE CENTER OF LARCHWICK!
AAAAARRGHHH!

DEAD! PROBABLY FROM SHOCK AS MUCH AS THE STINGING!
NEVER SAW NOTHIN' LIKE IT! ABE KEPT BEES FOR YEARS... NOBODY COULD HANDLE 'EM LIKE HIM!

DON'T LIKE IT! FIRST SAM, NOW ABE... THEY WAS BOTH WITH US THAT NIGHT 'GAINST SIMON HECATE... LAWDY, I DON'T LIKE IT!
THE HINT OF A PATTERN MADE THE SECOND DEATH ALL THE MORE CHILLING... AND WHILE MAKING MY ROUNDS, YET ANOTHER PATTERN SEEMED EVIDENT...
LEM! JUST LIKE WHEN I WAS COMING HOME FROM SAM'S...
IT WAS A BUSY TIME. I HAD MY PATIENTS AND MY WIFE WAS NOW WITH CHILD, YET SOMEHOW I COULD NOT PUT PUT LEMUEL'S WOODLAND WANDERINGS FROM MY MIND... SOMETHING DROVE ME TO CHECK THE AREA HE HAD BEEN FREQUENTING...
A SHACK! THEY'VE SAID SIMON HECATE LIVED SOMEWHERE IN HERE...
INSIDE AND OUT, IT WAS A PLACE OF ROT AND DECAY... FOUL AIR... LACED WITH COBWEBS... STILL IT SEEMED TO ME, THE SHACK WAS BEING USED!
THE FIREPLACE! THOSE BRICKS LOOK LOOSE!
BEHIND THE BRICKS I FOUND THEM! HELLISH VOLUMES SANE MEN LONG AGO HAD HOPED WERE DESTROYED... INCANTATIONS, SPELLS, CHANTS, AND POTIONS... DARK BOOKS FOR THE PRACTICE OF EVIL...
THOSE ARE MINE! WHAT RIGHT DO YOU HAVE TO BE HERE? WHAT RIGHT?
THE PINCHED ADULT FACE IN THE MISSHAPEN CHILD'S HEAD WAS RED WITH ANGER... THE SHINY BLACK EYES GLARED INTO ME... I WAS GRIPPED BY A GNAWING FEAR AND FLED WITHOUT SAYING A WORD...
STAY AWAY FROM HERE! THIS IS MY PLACE! BEST YOU LEAVE ME ALONE!

AGAIN, TIME NUMBED ME... THERE WERE MANY CALLS AND MY WIFE'S CONDITION TO BE CONCERNED WITH. UNEVENTFUL MONTHS PASSED AND I LAUGHED ABOUT MY FEAR ... THEN...
THEY WAS WORKIN' SIDE BY SIDE ... SEEMED TO GO INSANE! STARTED HACKIN' AWAY AT EACH OTHER!
THESE ARE THE LAST TWO! ALL THE MEN RUMORED TO HAVE KILLED SIMON HECATE ARE ... DEAD!

I KNEW WHAT I MUST DO! IT WAS LATE, BUT THE MOON WAS HIGH AND FULL ... I HAD NO TROUBLE FINDING MY WAY TO THE SHACK ...
HE'S IN THERE...

NG'GUTH... WNTHURR DJON'T HUN'BLUGH!

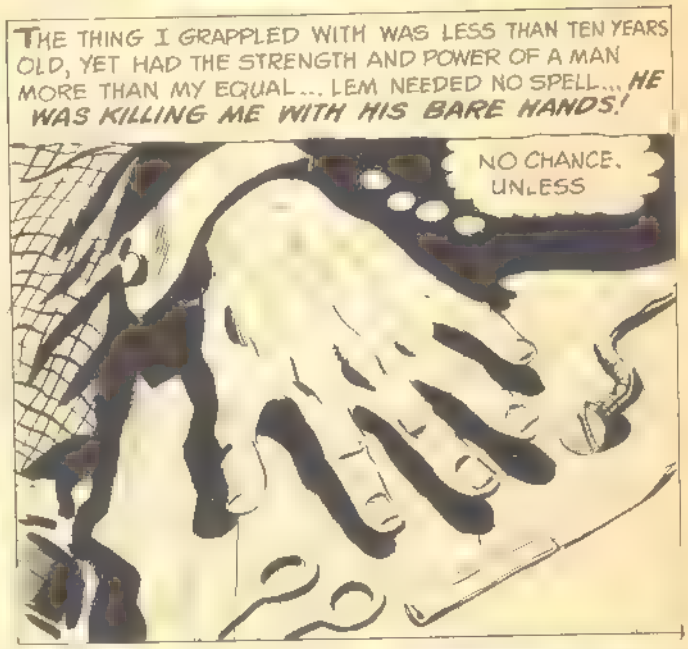
STOP! HAVEN'T YOU DONE ENOUGH, LEM?
LEM? NO... CALL ME SIMON!

Y-YOU... SIMON HECATE?
DID YOU THINK THOSE FOOLS KILLED ME? I HAVE THE POWER TO TRANSFER MY SOUL INTO ANY FRESH-BORN INFANT...

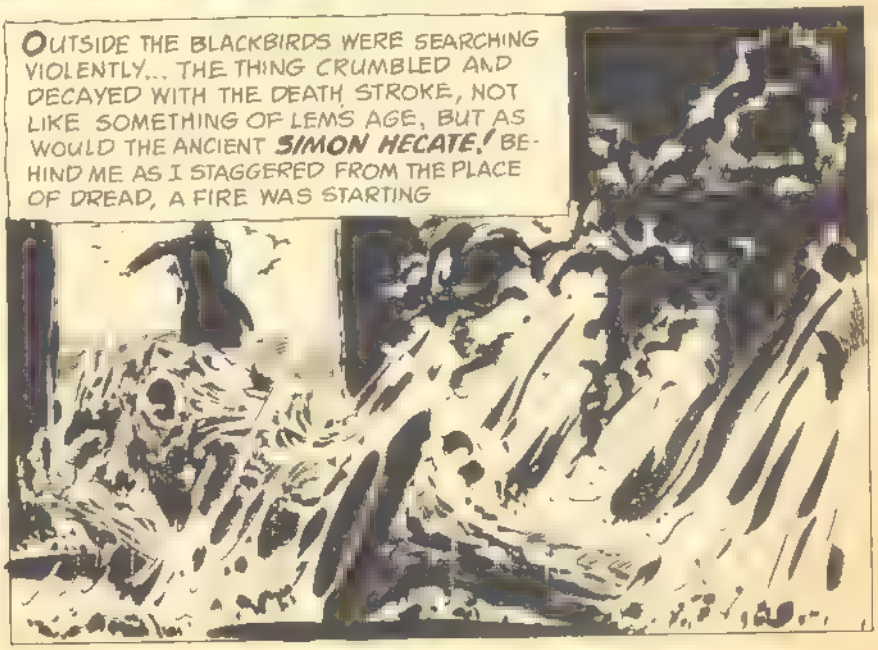
..I HAVE THE POWER TO STEAL LIFE FROM ANOTHER BODY SO MY OWN INFANT SHELL WILL GROW AND MATURE QUICKLY! AND, DOCTOR LOCKE, I HAVE THE POWER TO STRIKE YOU DEAD AS YOU STAND!
R'NERTH.. ABSLTH... GONDAR---

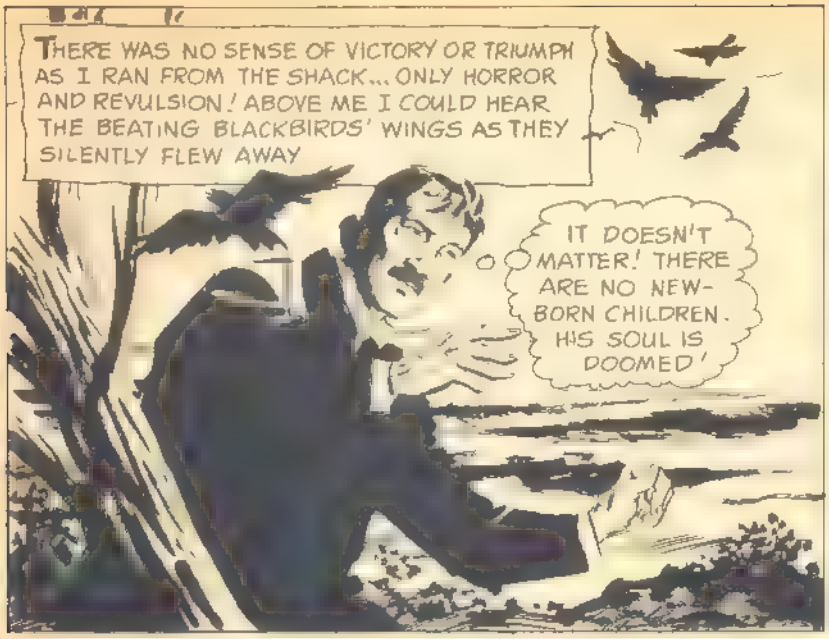
THE HIDEOUS LITTLE MOUTH GRINNED AS IT SPEWED FORTH THE DEADLY SPELL FROM THE FORBIDDEN BOOKS... I STRUCK WITH THE ONLY THING AT MY COMMAND!
I BROUGHT YOU INTO THIS WORLD AND...
WHACK!

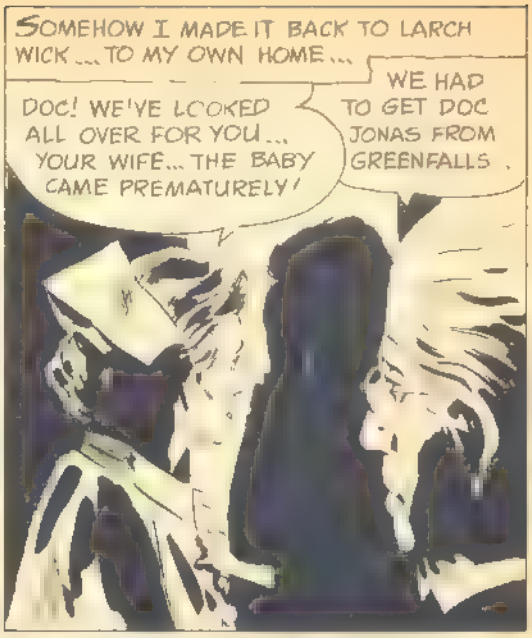
...I'LL TAKE YOU OUT!


THE THING I GRAPPLED WITH WAS LESS THAN TEN YEARS OLD, YET HAD THE STRENGTH AND POWER OF A MAN MORE THAN MY EQUAL... LEM NEEDED NO SPELL... HE WAS KILLING ME WITH HIS BARE HANDS!
NO CHANCE. UNLESS

CHUK! AIEEEEEEEE!

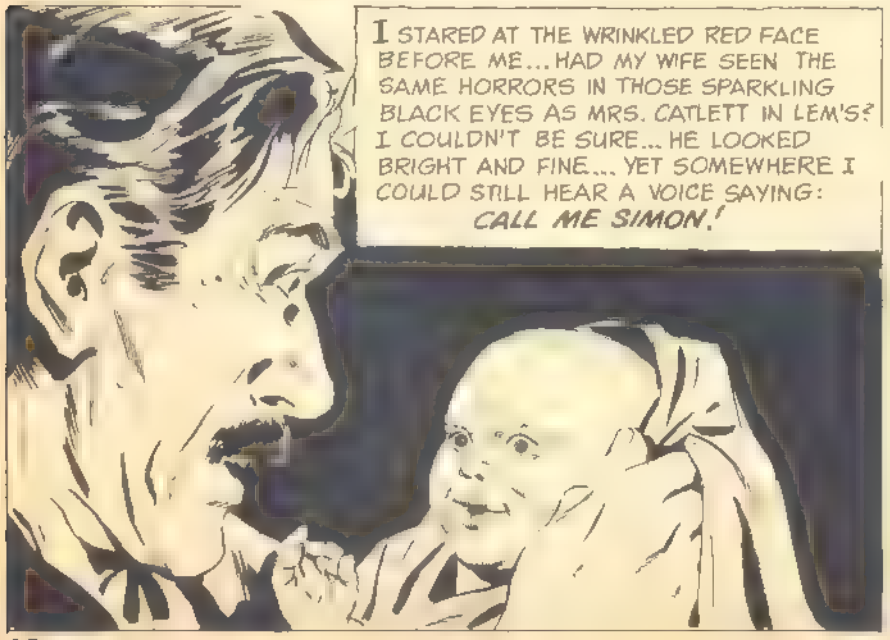

OUTSIDE THE BLACKBIRDS WERE SEARCHING VIOLENTLY... THE THING CRUMBLED AND DECAYED WITH THE DEATH STROKE, NOT LIKE SOMETHING OF LEM'S AGE, BUT AS WOULD THE ANCIENT SIMON HECATE! BEHIND ME AS I STAGGERED FROM THE PLACE OF DREAD, A FIRE WAS STARTING

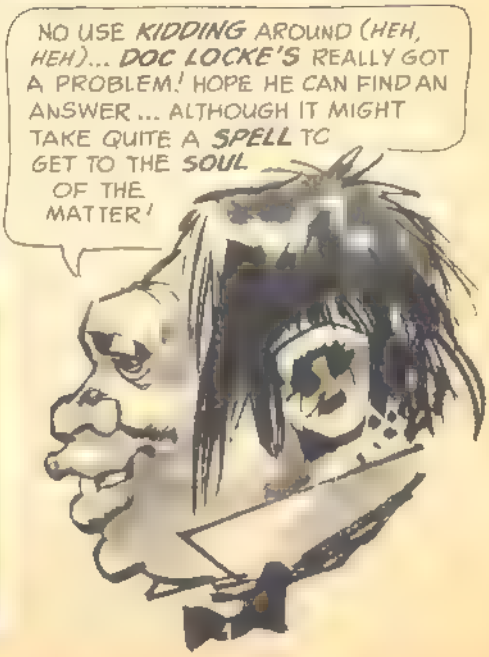

THERE WAS NO SENSE OF VICTORY OR TRIUMPH AS I RAN FROM THE SHACK... ONLY HORROR AND REVULSION! ABOVE ME I COULD HEAR THE BEATING BLACKBIRDS' WINGS AS THEY SILENTLY FLEW AWAY
IT DOESN'T MATTER! THERE ARE NO NEW-BORN CHILDREN. HIS SOUL IS DOOMED!


SOMEHOW I MADE IT BACK TO LARCH WICK ... TO MY OWN HOME ...
DOC! WE'VE LOOKED ALL OVER FOR YOU... YOUR WIFE... THE BABY CAME PREMATURELY!
WE HAD TO GET DOC JONAS FROM GREENFALLS.

HALF-DAZED, I WAS PUSHED INSIDE FEELING LIKE A MAN IN A DREAM..
I WANT YOU TO KNOW, LOCKE... I DID EVERYTHING I COULD! THINGS SEEMED TO GO WELL... THEN, WHEN IT WAS OVER, SHE... BUT YOU SHOULDN'T THINK OF THAT! TRY TO THINK ABOUT..

... YOUR SON! FINE AND HEALTHY!


I STARED AT THE WRINKLED RED FACE BEFORE ME... HAD MY WIFE SEEN THE SAME HORRORS IN THOSE SPARKLING BLACK EYES AS MRS. CATLETT IN LEM'S? I COULDN'T BE SURE... HE LOOKED BRIGHT AND FINE... YET SOMEWHERE I COULD STILL HEAR A VOICE SAYING: CALL ME SIMON!


NO USE KIDDING AROUND (HEH, HEH)... DOC LOCKE'S REALLY GOT A PROBLEM! HOPE HE CAN FIND AN ANSWER... ALTHOUGH IT MIGHT TAKE QUITE A SPELL TO GET TO THE SOUL OF THE MATTER!

TO KICK OFF THIS **GHOSTLY-GASSER** FROM MY **GORY GAZETTE**, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO **ROGER CULP**, A LITERARY AGENT WHO IN HIS OWN WORDS WILL TELL YOU OF THE **EERIE EVENTS** AND **HORRIBLE HAPPENINGS** TAKING PLACE IN AND AROUND. .

THE LIGHTHOUSE!

"THE ROCKBOUND COAST OF MAINE IS A LONG WAY FROM MANHATTAN'S COCKTAIL PARTIES AND LITERARY TEAS BUT WHEN MY TOP WRITER WAS LATE TO THE PUBLISHER WITH A BOOK FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS CAREER, I DECIDED TO MAKE THE TRIP... ***IF ONLY I HAD KNOWN!***"

BLASTED PEA-SOUP! DRIVING'S IMPOSSIBLE! MAYBE I CAN FIND THE LIGHTHOUSE ON FOOT...CAN'T BE FAR...

"WHY ERIC STANDISH WOULD GIVE UP A PENTHOUSE TO WRITE IN AN ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE WAS BEYOND ME, ALTHOUGH EACH STEP I TOOK THROUGH THAT FOG ENSHROUDED NIGHT BROUGHT ME CLOSER TO AN ANSWER.."

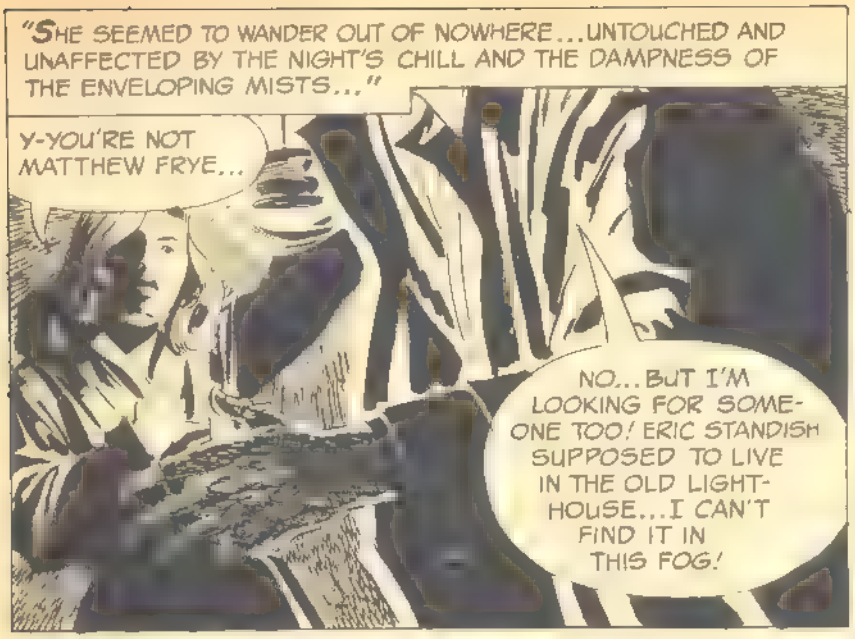
LISTEN TO THAT SURF POUND...ERIC'S PLACE MUST BE NEAR BY... I CAN--

HELLO! WHO'S THERE?

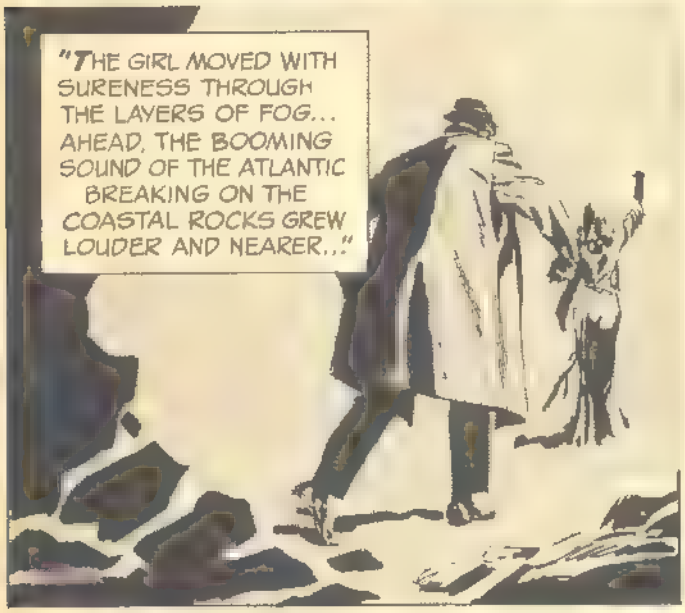
MATTHEW FRYE! IS IT YOU, MATTHEW FRYE?

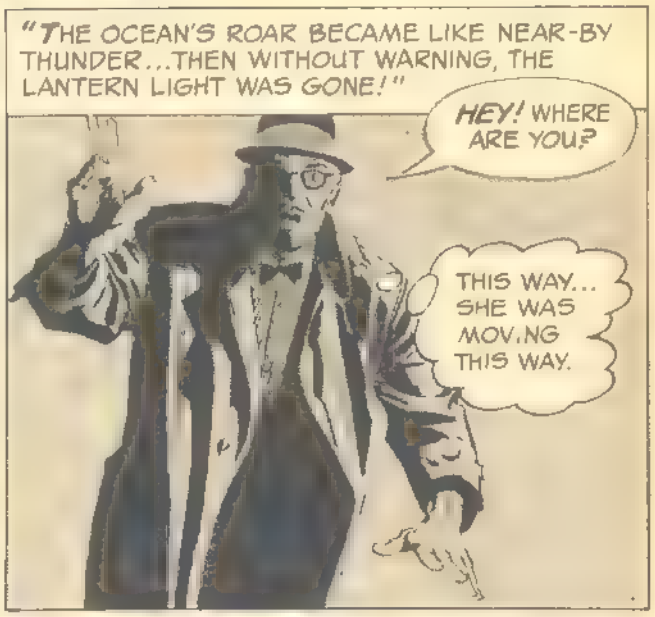
AL WILLIAMSON

ART BY AL WILLIAMSON/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN


"SHE SEEMED TO WANDER OUT OF NOWHERE...UNTOUCHED AND UNAFFECTED BY THE NIGHT'S CHILL AND THE DAMPNESS OF THE ENVELOPING MISTS..."
Y-YOU'RE NOT MATTHEW FRYE...
NO...BUT I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TOO! ERIC STANDISH SUPPOSED TO LIVE IN THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE...I CAN'T FIND IT IN THIS FOG!

Y-YES...THE LIGHTHOUSE! COME...THIS WAY...


"THE GIRL MOVED WITH SURENESS THROUGH THE LAYERS OF FOG... AHEAD, THE BOOMING SOUND OF THE ATLANTIC BREAKING ON THE COASTAL ROCKS GREW LOUDER AND NEARER..."


"THE OCEAN'S ROAR BECAME LIKE NEAR-BY THUNDER...THEN WITHOUT WARNING, THE LANTERN LIGHT WAS GONE!"
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU?
THIS WAY... SHE WAS MOVING THIS WAY.

YAAAAAAAH!!

"MY HANDS BECAME CLAWS SCRAPING AND CLINGING TO THE WET EARTH AND ROCKS OF THE CLIFF'S EDGE, WHILE MY LEGS THRASHED IN EMPTY AIR, 100 FEET ABOVE THE POUNDING SURF!"

HELP ME! FOR GOD'S SAKE! SOMEONE HELP!

"FOR ETERNAL MOMENTS I DANGLED LIKE DEADWEIGHT, WATCHING IN HORROR AS MY FINGERS GREW STIFF AND NUMB AND SLOWLY BEGAN TO SLIP."

ERIC!

THANK HEAVEN I HEARD YOU SHOUTING!

"GROUND WAS BENEATH MY FEET AND I LOOKED GRATEFULLY INTO A FAMILIAR FACE A FACE SOMEHOW GROWN QUICKLY OLD AND TIRED"

I COULDN'T HAVE LASTED ANOTHER SECOND BUT THAT POOR GIRL! SHE MUST HAVE WALKED RIGHT OFF!

GIRL? WHAT GIRL? TELL ME!

"ERIC LISTENED WITH GRIM RESIGNATION AS I TOLD HIM WHAT HAPPENED... LIKE A MAN HEARING FROM HIS DOCTOR THAT HE HAS A FATAL DISEASE!"

MY FAMILY HAD THEIR ROOTS IN THIS AREA.. ALL MY LIFE, I'VE FELT SOMEDAY I *HAD* TO COME HERE...

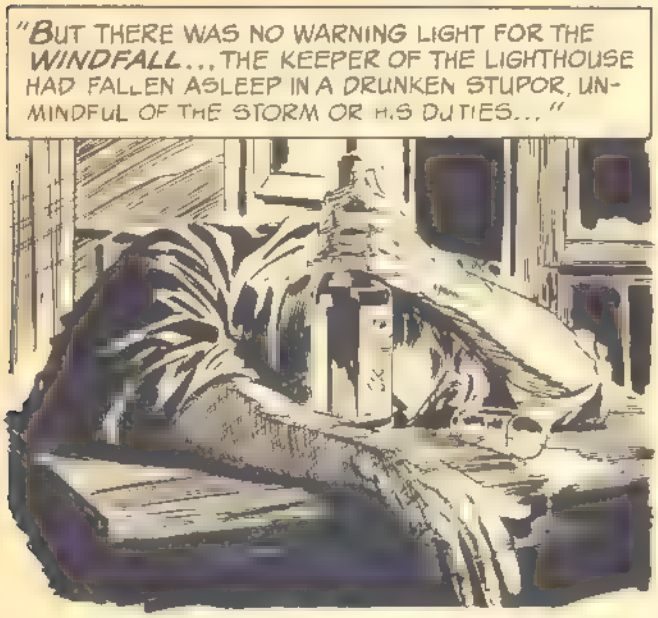
IT'S DESOLATE, BUT COLORFUL A LITTLE RESEARCH MIGHT UNCOVER MATERIAL FOR YOUR NOVEL HERE...

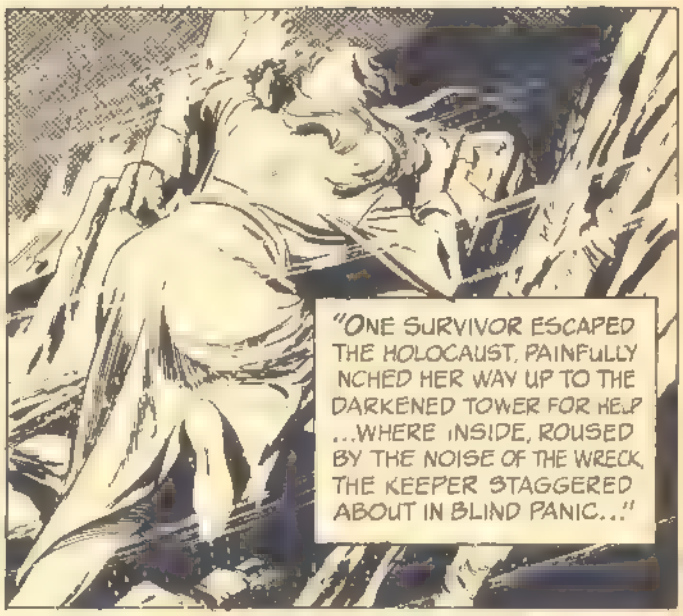
OH I'VE DONE RESEARCH, ROGER... PERHAPS TOO MUCH! THAT'S WHAT LED ME.. *HERE!*

"ERIC HAD DONE THE BEST HE COULD TO MAKE HIS QUARTERS SNUG AND COMFORTABLE... BUT NO AMOUNT OF HOMEY TOUCHES COULD CUT THE PERVADING GLOOM THAT HUNG ABOUT THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE."

THESE ARE MY NOTES, ROGER THINGS I'VE DISCOVERED SINCE MOVING HERE! THINGS WHICH MAY FIT IN WITH YOUR STORY...

"EIGHTY YEARS AGO THE SCHOONER WINDFALL WAS DASHED TO PIECES ON THE SHOALS OFF THIS POINT...TREACHEROUS SHOALS FOR WHICH THIS TOWER'S BEACON WAS TO GIVE WARNING!"


"BUT THERE WAS NO WARNING LIGHT FOR THE WINDFALL... THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHTHOUSE HAD FALLEN ASLEEP IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR, UNMINDFUL OF THE STORM OR HIS DUTIES..."


"ONE SURVIVOR ESCAPED THE HOLOCAUST, PAINFULLY INCHED HER WAY UP TO THE DARKENED TOWER FOR HELP ...WHERE INSIDE, ROUSED BY THE NOISE OF THE WRECK, THE KEEPER STAGGERED ABOUT IN BLIND PANIC..."

"CONFRONTED BY THE ONLY WITNESS TO HIS NEGLIGENCE, THE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT COMPOUNDED HIS DEED WITH AN ACT MORE HORRIBLE FOR ITS DELIBERATENESS!"
EEEEEEEE!

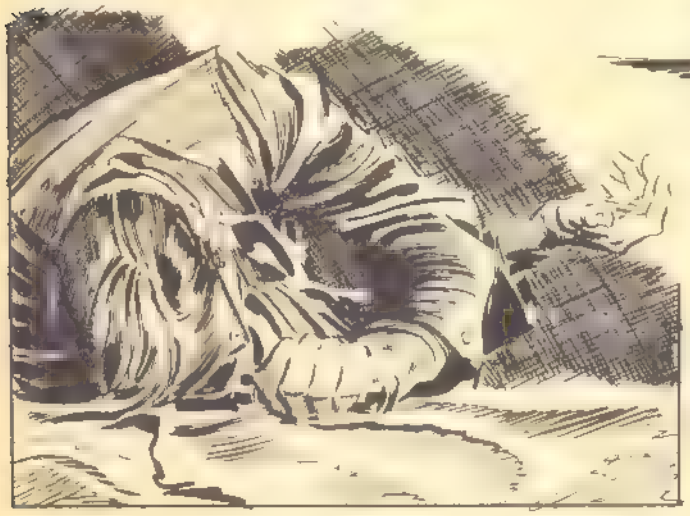
THAT LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER WAS MY GRANDFATHER ...MATTHEW FRYE!
B BUT...THE GIRL I SAW TONIGHT... SHE WAS LOOKING FOR... YOUR GRANDFATHER?!

"DRIVING RAIN BEGAN A TATTOO ON THE WINDOWS...A STORM WAS MOVING IN FROM THE SEA..."
ERIC STAND SH IS A FINE NAME...I'VE MADE QUITE A CAREER WRITING UNDER IT, BUT YOU NEVER ESCAPE THE NAME YOU'RE BORN WITH... YOU SEE, ROGER, I TOO AM MATTHEW FRYE!
CLANG!
THAT NOISE!
T-THE WIND..
"EVEN AS I SAID IT, I KNEW THE WIND HADN'T MADE THE NOISE, JUST AS WE BOTH KNEW, WHILE RUSHING TO THE STAIRS, WHAT WE'D SEE BELOW.."
MATTHEW FRYE! IS IT YOU, MATTHEW FRYE?!
I'VE COME FOR YOU, MATTHEW FRYE!
OH GOD!
"WAS IT FEAR THAT HELD ME IN PARALYZED HORROR OR SOMETHING MORE? ERIC STARED TRANSFIXED, YET HIS FEET MOVED, CARRYING HIM BACKWARD... ACROSS THE ROOM, OUT INTO THE WIND AND RAIN, ONTO THE OLD TOWER'S BALCONY
NOW, MATTHEW FRYE...NOW!
EEEEEEEE-YAHHHHH!
ERIC!

"ERIC'S FEARFUL SCREAM DROWNED IN THE RAGING WIND, AND THE TWO FIGURES DISAPPEARED INSTANTLY IN THE BOILING SURF BELOW..."

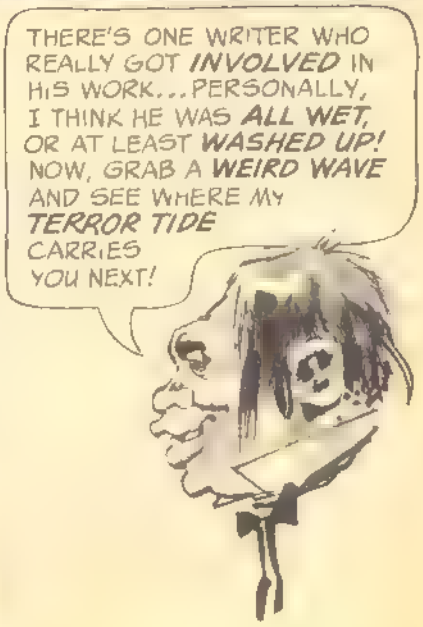
"I ALMOST FELL DOWN THE SPIRAL STAIRS OF THE LIGHTHOUSE AND OUT INTO THE LASHING STORM...YET ALL I COULD FIND BELOW WERE COASTAL ROCKS LIKE GIANT GRAVE-STONES AND THE OCEAN'S COLD CRASHING WAVES..!!

"NUMB WITH EXHAUSTION AND COLD I SOMEHOW MADE MY WAY BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE.. MY LAST MEMORY OF THAT NIGHT IS CLAWING OPEN THE HEAVY IRON DOOR..."



"THE NEXT MORNING I WAS AWAKENED BY THE SCREECHING OF GULLS AND CRIES OF LOCAL FISHERMEN..."

"THE SEA HAD DISGORGED ITS VICTIMS OF THE NIGHT BEFORE AND THE SIGHT IS ETCHED FOREVER IN MY MIND...THE HORROR ON ERIC'S DEAD FACE WAS NOT OF DYING, BUT OF THE THING THAT CLUNG TO HIM...THE CORPSE OF A ONCE-BEAUTIFUL GIRL... ***DEAD NOW FOR EIGHTY YEARS!***"



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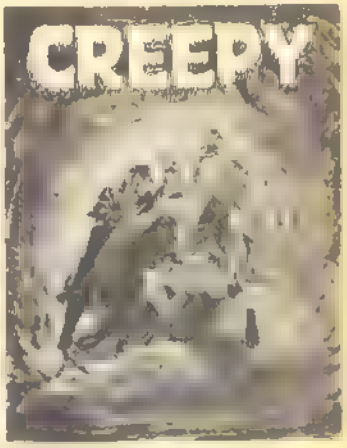

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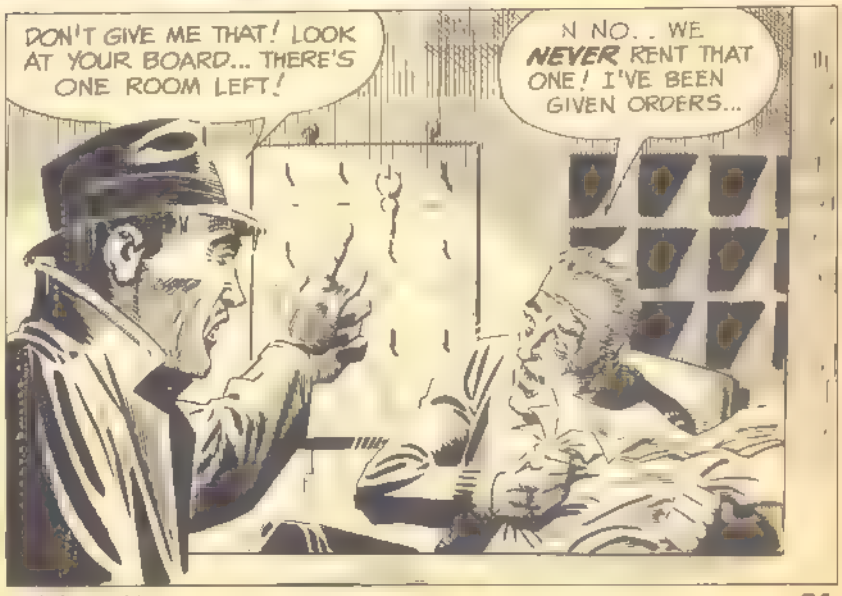
YOU ***RABID READERS*** LOOK A LITTLE PALE AFTER THAT LAST ***PULSE-POUNDER***... BETTER REST UP! LET ***COUSIN EERIE*** ARRANGE SOME ***LOATHESOME LODGINGS*** FOR THE NIGHT... RIGHT UP THE DARK, CREAKING STAIRS YOU'LL FIND A...

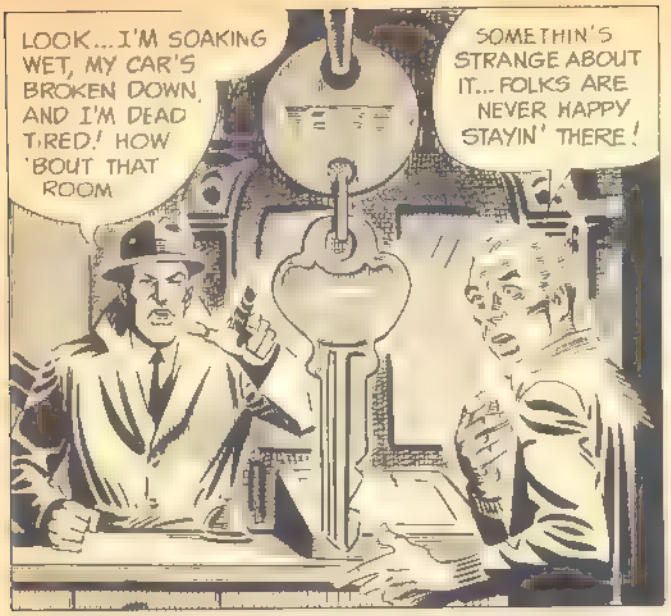
ROOM WITH A VIEW!

IT WAS LIKE A HUNDRED AND ONE OTHER SMALL-TOWN HOTELS DEXTER HAD STAYED IN... BAD LIGHTING, SEEDY FURNISHINGS... ORDINARY AND DULL..

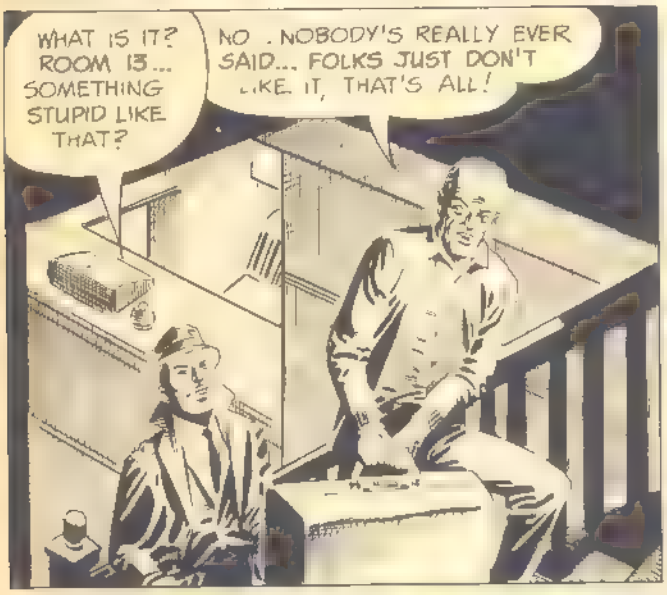
I NEED A ROOM FOR THE NIGHT..



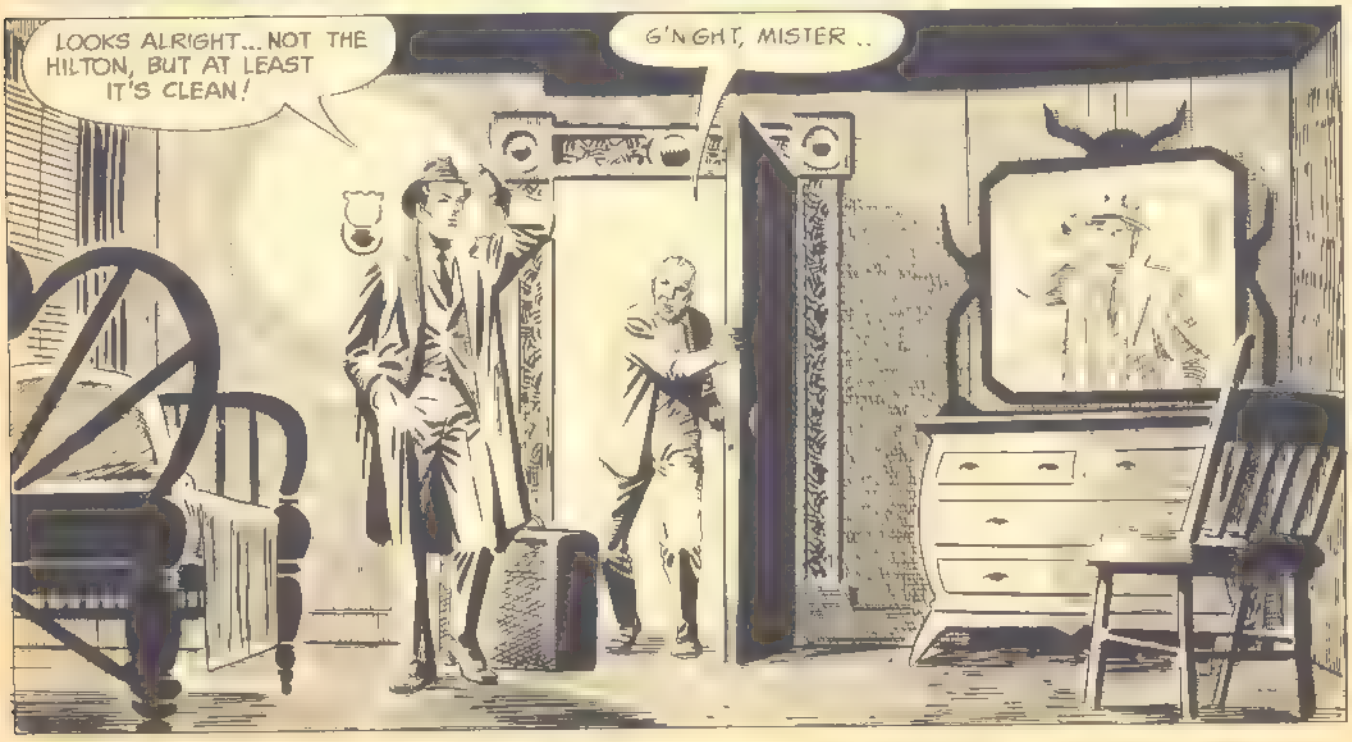
ART BY STEVE DITKO/ SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN


LOOK... I'M SOAKING WET, MY CAR'S BROKEN DOWN, AND I'M DEAD TIRED! HOW 'BOUT THAT ROOM
SOMETHIN'S STRANGE ABOUT IT... FOLKS ARE NEVER HAPPY STAYIN' THERE!

SKIP THE LOCAL COLOR... JUST GIVE ME THE KEY!
JUST SO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GETTIN' INTO...


WHAT IS IT? ROOM 13... SOMETHING STUPID LIKE THAT?
NO . NOBODY'S REALLY EVER SAID... FOLKS JUST DON'T LIKE IT, THAT'S ALL!

WELL. HERE YOU ARE... ROOM 22!


LOOKS ALRIGHT... NOT THE HILTON, BUT AT LEAST IT'S CLEAN!
G'NIGHT, MISTER ..

AN AIRSHAFT... SOME VIEW! NO WONDER NO ONE'D STAY HERE!

OH, WELL... JUST ONE NIGHT! BETTER GET SOME SHUT-EYE...

AAAAHHH!

WHO THE---

EMPTY! NOT A SOUL ANYWHERE

HEY! DON'T TELL ME I'M LETTING THAT CLERK'S OLD WIVES' TALES GET TO ME

JUST NERVES I'M EXHAUSTED BETTER HIT THE SACK.

YET EACH TIME DEXTER CLOSED HIS EYES, HE COULD STILL SEE THE EVIL FACE AND CHILLING STARE OF THE MIRROR REFLECTION...

IT LOOKED SO REAL... BUT THERE WAS NOTHING BEHIND ME... BLAST IT! CAN'T SLEEP FOR THINKING ABOUT IT... AWW, WHAT'S THE USE...

... I'LL TAKE ANOTHER LOOK!

NOOOOOO!

N-NOT HERE.. N-NOTHING JUST LIKE BEFORE!

NOT ANOTHER MINUTE ... I'M NOT STAYING HERE!

FRONT DESK. ANYTHING WRONG, MR. DEXTER?
GOTTA GET HOLD OF MYSELF... I'LL SOUND LIKE A FOOL... CLERK'S CRAZY HINTS MADE MY IMAGINATION RUN WILD... THAT'S ALL... HAS TO BE...
N-NO... JUST WANTED TO LEAVE A CALL FOR ME AT EIGHT...

THE NIGHT CREPT ON BUT NO SLEEP CAME TO DEXTER . ONLY AGONIZING, TORTURED THOUGHTS..
MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE LEFT HAS TO BE MY IMAGINATION... MIND PLAYING TRICKS . THOSE T-THINGS... SO REAL! TRY TO THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE. WHAT IF THEY'RE IN THERE NOW... WATCHING... CAN'T BE... SILLY... WON'T..
I'VE GOT TO KNOW!
EEEEYAHHHHHH!!
NO MORE! I'LL PUT AN END TO THIS.... NOW!!

YAGHHH!
NUMBER 22!
EMPTY!
NOT A SIGN OF HIM... MUSTA RUN OFF!
HMPH! YOU'D THINK HE COULD AT LEAST LEAVE THINGS THE WAY HE FOUND 'EM!
THE CLERK GASPED IN HORROR... THE ROOM HE STOOD IN MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABANDONED BY DEXTER, BUT THE ROOM IN THE MIRROR'S REFLECTION WAS... FULLY OCCUPIED!
DEXTER PICKED A HARD WAY TO SKIP OUT ON THE HOTEL BILL, BUT AT LEAST HE FINALLY GOT TO SLEEP ... PERMANENTLY! YOU MAY HAVE TROUBLE SLEEPING TOO, WHEN YOU READ MY NEXT LITTLE SCREAM STORY!

ART BY ROCCO MASTROSERIO/SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

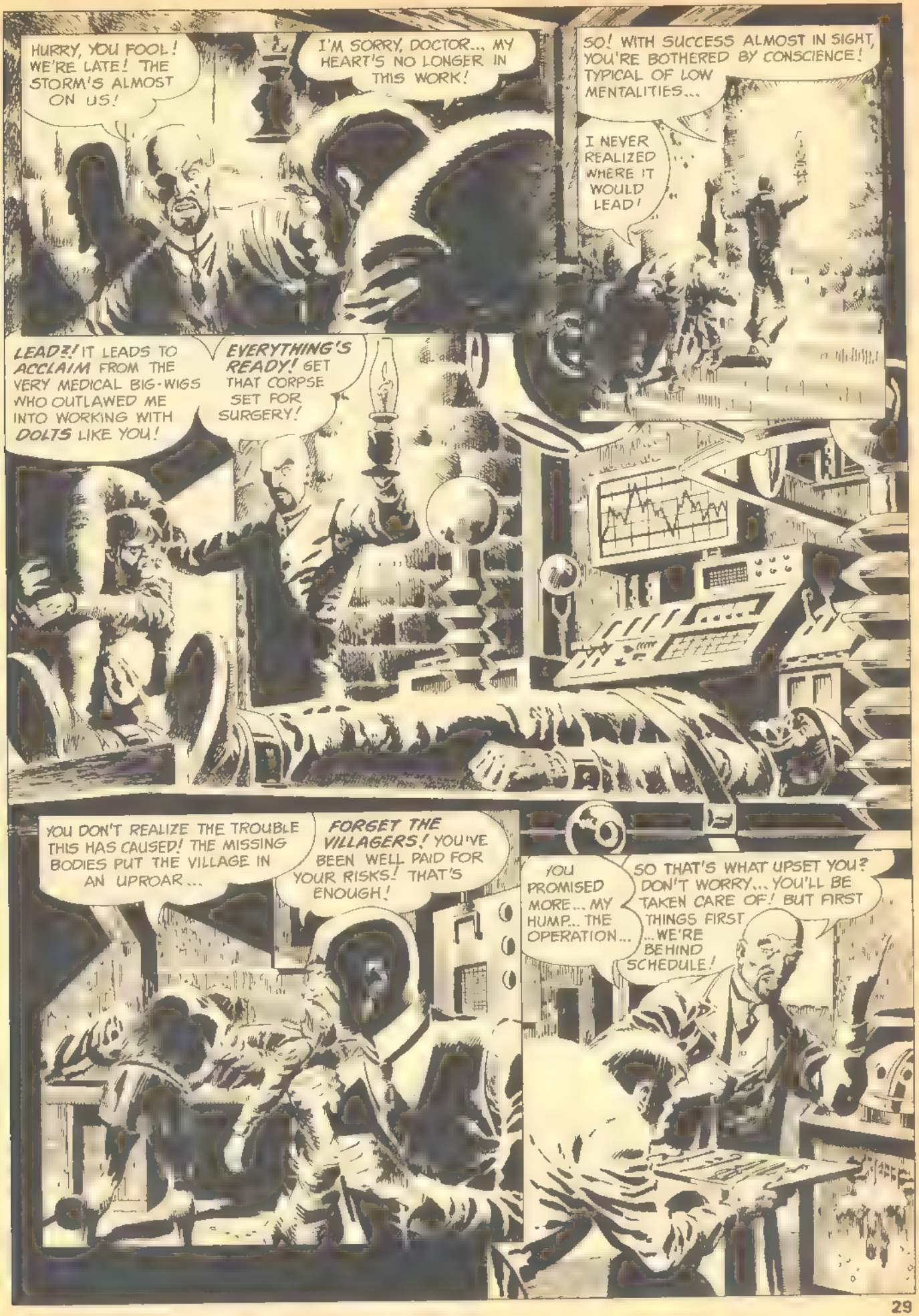
THE SOUND OF THUNDER BECAME COMPETITION FOR THE CREAKING OF THE CART AS IT BUMPED OVER THE COBBLESTONES OF THE SLEEPING VILLAGE ...IT WAS STARTING TO RAIN...

THE DOCTOR HAS PAID ME WELL ... MONEY TO SEND MY BROTHER TO THE UNIVERSITY...

AND HE'S A *GREAT* SURGEON HOW MANY TIMES HAS HE PROMISED TO RID ME OF THIS HUMP...

DRENCHED WITH RAIN, OTTO PAUSED, SUPPRESSING A SHIVER, AS HE LOOKED AHEAD TO HIS DESTINATION

YET WHAT *EVIL* IT HAS ALL LED TO!


HURRY, YOU FOOL! WE'RE LATE! THE STORM'S ALMOST ON US!
I'M SORRY, DOCTOR... MY HEART'S NO LONGER IN THIS WORK!
SO! WITH SUCCESS ALMOST IN SIGHT, YOU'RE BOTHERED BY CONSCIENCE! TYPICAL OF LOW MENTALITIES...
I NEVER REALIZED WHERE IT WOULD LEAD!
LEAD?! IT LEADS TO ACCLAIM FROM THE VERY MEDICAL BIG-WIGS WHO OUTLAWED ME INTO WORKING WITH DOLTS LIKE YOU!
EVERYTHING'S READY! GET THAT CORPSE SET FOR SURGERY!
YOU DON'T REALIZE THE TROUBLE THIS HAS CAUSED! THE MISSING BODIES PUT THE VILLAGE IN AN UPROAR...
FORGET THE VILLAGERS! YOU'VE BEEN WELL PAID FOR YOUR RISKS! THAT'S ENOUGH!
YOU PROMISED MORE... MY HUMP... THE OPERATION...
SO THAT'S WHAT UPSET YOU? DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL BE TAKEN CARE OF! BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST ...WE'RE BEHIND SCHEDULE!

VON REICH OPERATED THE SURGICAL TOOLS WITH AGILE FRENZY AND SOON..
THERE! NOW FOR THE TRANSFER... GENTLY, GENTLY...
WITH UNFAILING DEFTNESS, VON REICH BENT OVER THE GREAT HULK OF HIS CREATION AND SECURED THE BRAIN IN ITS NEW HOME...
...MAKE SURE WIRING IS BACK IN PLACE... AND WE'RE... DONE! ONLY ONE MORE THING TO TAKE CARE OF...
I PROMISED TO FIX IT SO YOUR HUMP NEVER BOTHERS YOU AGAIN, OTTO... NOW THAT THE PROJECT IS ALMOST COMPLETE, I INTEND TO KEEP MY WORD ... COME HERE!
OUTSIDE THE STORM WAS AT ITS ZENITH...THUNDER PEALED LOUDER THAN EVER BEFORE AND LIGHTNING SHOT IN JAGGED STREAKS TOWARD THE OBSERVATORY TOWER!
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY CHAIN ME TO THE WALL LIKE THIS? HOW CAN THIS--
PATIENCE! THE STORM IS ON US!
THE VAST ELECTRICAL POWER OF THE HEAVENS RACED INTO EVERY APPARATUS AND THE ENTIRE LABORATORY THROBBED AND GLOWED..
NOW! IT'S WORKING... NOW!

THIS IS IT! IT HAS TO BE A SUCCESS.... HAS TO BE!

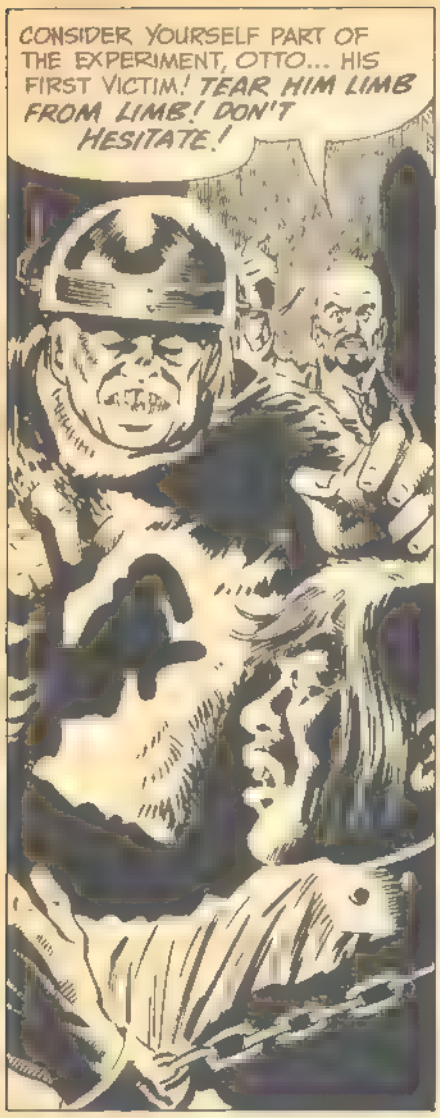
DOCTOR VON REICH! ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
SHUT UP, YOU IDIOT!... AH! LISTEN TO THAT GREAT HEART BEAT... IT'S ALIVE! ALIVE!

NOW...TO LOOSEN THE STRAPS...
B-BUT THE BRAIN! THAT MAN DIED ON THE GALLOWS

OF COURSE! I PLANNED IT THAT WAY... IT HAS TO HAVE A CRIMINAL BRAIN! HOW ELSE WOULD IT OBEY MY COMMANDS FOR REVENGE!

NOW EVERY FOOL WHO EVER DOUBTED ... WHO EVER GAVE ME TROUBLE ... WILL PAY! STARTING WITH YOU, OTTO!

NOW! KILL! THAT HUMP WILL NEVER BOTHER YOU NOW, OTTO... NOT WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!
AAAAAAGH!


CONSIDER YOURSELF PART OF THE EXPERIMENT, OTTO... HIS FIRST VICTIM! TEAR HIM LIMB FROM LIMB! DON'T HESITATE!

NO! NO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GO BACK!
AARGHHH!
YOU NEVER UNDERSTOOD, DOCTOR .. THIS MAN WAS HUNG FOR GRAVE-ROBBING!

THE VILLAGERS THOUGHT HE STOLE THE BODIES I DUG FOR YOU! THEY KILLED HIM... AN INNOCENT MAN!
AAAAARGHHH!

AN INNOCENT MEDICAL STUDENT WHO WAS... MY BROTHER!
YAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

LOOKS LIKE THE DOC GOT A BIG SHOCK OUT OF HIS OWN CREATION... PROBABLY THE NEWS JUST CRUSHED HIM! WELL, BEFORE OTTO AND HIS BROTHER LUMBER OUT OF THE OBSERVATORY, WHY DON'T YOU LUMBER ON TO MY NEXT FEAR FABLE?

ART BY JOE ORLANDO SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

The scene of horror ended suddenly in the white brilliance of a motion picture screen... The sound of film clicking on a take-up reel was soon drowned out by enthusiastic murmuring...
ERIC, YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN! THESE RUSHES LOOK MARVELOUS! ESPECIALLY YOUR MAKE-UP... FANTASTIC!
IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME! I'VE TWICE THE ACTING EXPERIENCE OF STARVOS!
"THE MAN OF A MILLION MONSTERS"! HOW DO YOU DO IT, ERIC? WHERE DO YOU COME UP WITH SUCH GREAT MAKE-UP FOR ALL YOUR ROLES?
I'VE BEEN KNOCKED OUT OF THE HORROR BUSINESS SINCE STARVOS APPEARED! HIS MAKE-UP GETS HIM ALL THE TOP ROLES!
SORRY YOU LOST OUT ON THE LEAD, LEO ... AT LEAST WE MANAGED TO GET YOU A SUPPORTING ROLE...
SUPPORTING ROLE? I'M A STAR! IF ONLY I COULD LEARN HIS SECRET!
STARVOS! YOU'VE GOT TO TELL ME! ONE PROFESSIONAL TO ANOTHER.. HOW DO YOU GET THOSE EFFECTS?
TELL? AND HAVE MY CAREER NOSEDIVE LIKE YOURS, ERNST? MY MAKE UP SECRETS WILL REMAIN MY OWN!
PRETENTIOUS FOOL! CONSTANTLY PLAYING THE PART... EVEN OFF-SCREEN! BLACK CAPE... OLD CAR
CREEPY STUDIO INC

Eric Starvos's make-up secrets obsessed Leo Ernst... He could not get it out of his mind... He HAD to know...
EVEN LIVES IN THIS OLD GOTHIC WRECK ... ALONE! NO FAMILY OR SERVANTS... NO LIGHTS EXCEPT IN THE ATTIC WINDOW ... HE MUST BE THERE!

WITH STRENGTH, AGILITY, BORN OUT OF HIS OBSESSION, ERNST SCALED HIS WAY TO A VIEW INTO THE LIGHTED WINDOW...
I WAS RIGHT! HE'S INSIDE...
CREATING!

BLAST HIM! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN! THIS IS EVEN MORE TERRIFYING THAN IN THIS AFTERNOON'S RUSHES... HOW?!

HE'S WELL SET UP TO EXPERIMENT AND -- WHAT'S THIS? HE KEEPS A NOTEBOOK!

IT MUST ALL BE IN THERE! SKETCHES... FORMULAS ... IDEAS... IF I COULD GET MY HANDS ON THAT.

WITH DEADLY CALMNESS, ERNST MADE HIS WAY TO THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE AND KNOCKED ...LOUD AND DEMANDING...
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF ALL THIS, ERNST? I DON'T LIKE MY PRIVACY MEDDLED WITH!
STARVOS, PLEASE! YOU'VE GOT TO TALK WITH ME ... PLEASE!
EVEN AS THE GAUNT MAN RELUCTANTLY LED HIM INSIDE, ERNST KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO...
VERY WELL ... BUT MAKE IT QUICK! AND WHAT I'VE SAID ABOUT MY MAKE-UP SECRETS STILL GOES!
WHY, MY DEAR STARVOS ... I WOULDN'T DREAM OF ASKING FOR THEM...
NOT WHEN I CAN TAKE THEM!
THE BODY OF THE HORROR STAR HAD HARDLY HIT THE FLOOR BEFORE ERNST HAD RUSHED TO THE ATTIC ROOM AND FLIPPED THROUGH THE NOTEBOOK...
WHOOCK!
IT'S ALL HERE! EVERYTHING! THERE'LL BE SOME SURPRISES AT THE STUDIO TOMORROW...
SHOOTING TIME CAME AND WENT ON THE SET THE NEXT MORNING ... THE STAR HAD MADE NO APPEARANCE ... EVERYONE FUMED AND WAITED, UNTIL...
HORRIBLE! LAST NIGHT ... ERIC STARVOS AND HIS WHOLE HOUSE WENT UP IN FLAMES! HORRIBLE ACCIDENT!

IN AN INDUSTRY WHERE TIME IS MONEY, THE MOURNING PERIOD FOR ERIC STARVOS WAS SHORT, BUT CONCERN ABOUT DOING WITHOUT HIS TALENT WAS LONG...
WE'LL HAVE TO SCRAP THE WHOLE PICTURE! NO ONE CAN MATCH HIS MAKE-UP!
DON'T BE SO SURE ABOUT THAT!
LEO, ARE YOU NUTS? NOBODY BUT STARVOS COULD COME UP WITH THE KIND OF STUFF HE DID...
HE LET ME IN ON SOME OF HIS SECRETS ...YOU'LL SEE!
SOME TIME LATER, LEO ERNST REAPPEARED...HE HAD FOLLOWED STARVOS'S NOTEBOOK TO THE LETTER
WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK?...
EVERYONE TAKE THEIR PLACES! WE'VE GOT A MOVIE AFTER ALL!

THE DAY WENT QUICKLY AND EASILY FOR ERNST... STARVOS'S MAKE-UP FELT COMFORTABLE... HELD UP WELL...
PRINT IT! BEAUTIFUL, LEO BABY! YOU'LL BE A STAR ALL OVER AGAIN AFTER THIS ONE!
AMID VOICES OF CONGRATULATIONS, LEO WENT TO THE DRESSING ROOM EAGER TO RID HIMSELF OF THE MAKE-UP AND REAPPEAR TO HIS NEW ADMIRERS AS LEO ERNST, STAR!
I DID IT! EVERYONE LOVED MY PERFORMANCE! THANKS TO ERIC'S MAKE-UP...
HEY? WHAT IS THIS? THE STUFF ISN'T COMING OFF!
NOTHING HAD ANY EFFECT... ERIC STARVOS'S CREATION STAYED COMPLETELY IN PLACE. ERNST FELT A GROWING PANIC...
IT'S GOT TO COME OFF! WHAT'S WRONG! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH IT?
NOTHING HAPPENED... NOTHING WORKED! IT WAS DRIVING HIM CRAZY... HIS MOVEMENTS BECAME WILD AND FRENZIED!
GOT TO GET IT OFF! RIP! TEAR! ANYTHING! WHY WON'T IT COME OFF!

HIS VOICE ROSE TO A WHINNING SCREAM... BECAME A SOBBING PLEA... OUTSIDE PEOPLE BEGAN TO NOTICE...

IT WON'T COME OFF! I CAN'T GET IT OFF!!

LEO! WHAT'S HAPPENING IN THERE? LEO?!

STARVOS DID THIS! HE WANTED IT TO HAPPEN! GOT TO GET IT OFF!

LEO? WHAT'S GOING ON IN HE---

OH... LORD!

DO SOMETHING! GET A DOCTOR ...GET A STRAIT-JACKET... ANYTHING! QUICK! HE'S...

GOT TO GET IT OFF! GOT TO...

THE TWO MEN STARED IN REVULSION AT THE RAW-FACED THING BEFORE THEM. ITS BLOODSTAINED HANDS STILL PITIFULLY TRYING TO CLAW AT THE MAKE-UP LONG SINCE GONE!

...RIPPED ALL THE SKIN FROM HIS FACE!

IT WON'T COME OFF! IT WON'T COME OFF!!

HMMMH? DID STARVOS'S MAKE UP REALLY STAY ON OR LEO IMAGINE THAT IT DID? EITHER WAY, POOR LEO CERTAINLY LOST FACE ON THE DEAL, BUT, LET'S FACE IT, HE HAD IT COMING TO HIM! NOW SEE IF YOU CAN FACE WHAT'S COMING NEXT TO YOU!

ARE YOU ***FRACTURED FRAMERS*** STILL HOPING TO HANG SOMETHING ***HORRORIFFIC***? ANOTHER ***MACABRE MASTERPIECE*** AWAITS BELOW, AS YOU BROWSE THROUGH...

EERIE'S MONSTER GALLERY!

NO. 2-THE VAMPIRE!

RISING AT SUNDOWN, FROM ITS COFFIN STREWN WITH NATIVE SOIL, THE VAMPIRE, ABLE TO TAKE HUMAN, BAT, OR MIST-LIKE FORM, GOES FORTH ON ITS GHASTLY QUEST FOR HUMAN BLOOD! THOSE WHO DIE FROM ITS BITE IN TURN BECOME MEMBERS OF THIS HORRIBLE CULT OF THE UNDEAD! HOLY OBJECTS AND GARLIC WREATHS MAY BE USED TO WARD OFF VAMPIRES, BUT THE MOST POPULAR METHOD FOR KILLING THEM IS A WOODEN STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH THEIR HEART!

ART BY JAY TAYCEE

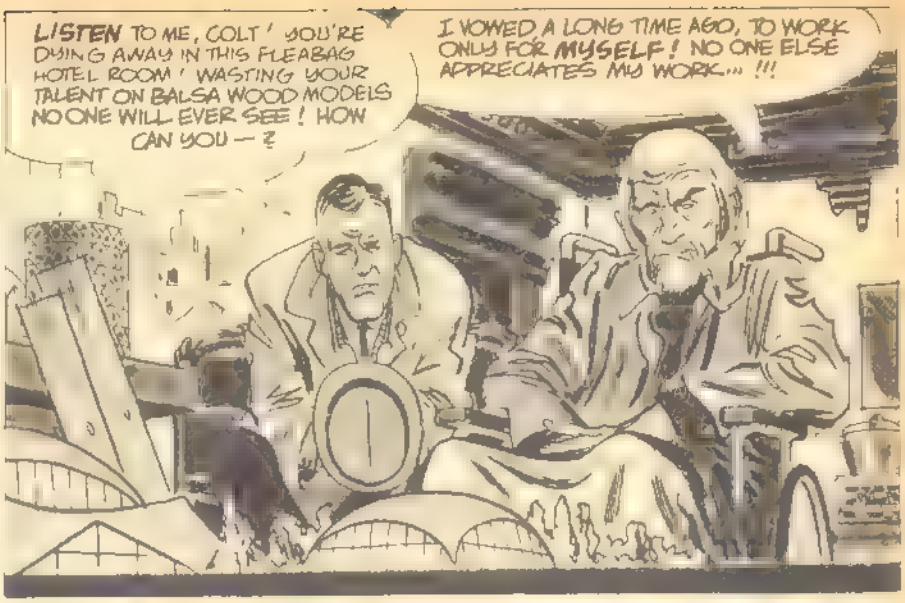
3:00 A.M. THE RELENTLESS OCEAN SURF POUNDS A TATOO AGAINST THE CLIFFS BELOW, AS A GROUP OF LAUGHING CHATTERING GUESTS DEPART HAPPILY FROM THE LARGE ULTRA MODERN STRUCTURE SPRAWLING ATOP THE ROCK-FACED PINNACLES...THEIR HIGH PRAISE AND GAY COMMENTS RIPPLING THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR... FOR A PARTY HAS ENDED, HERE. BUT IT'S REALLY ONLY THE BEGINNING OF MY TALE ABOUT THE MACABRE MASTERWORK I CALL...

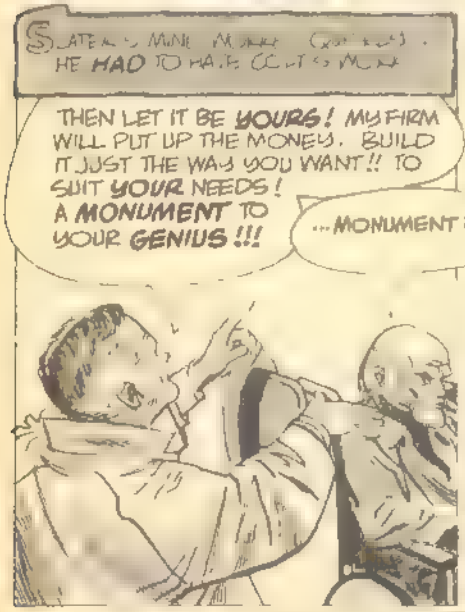
THE MONUMENT

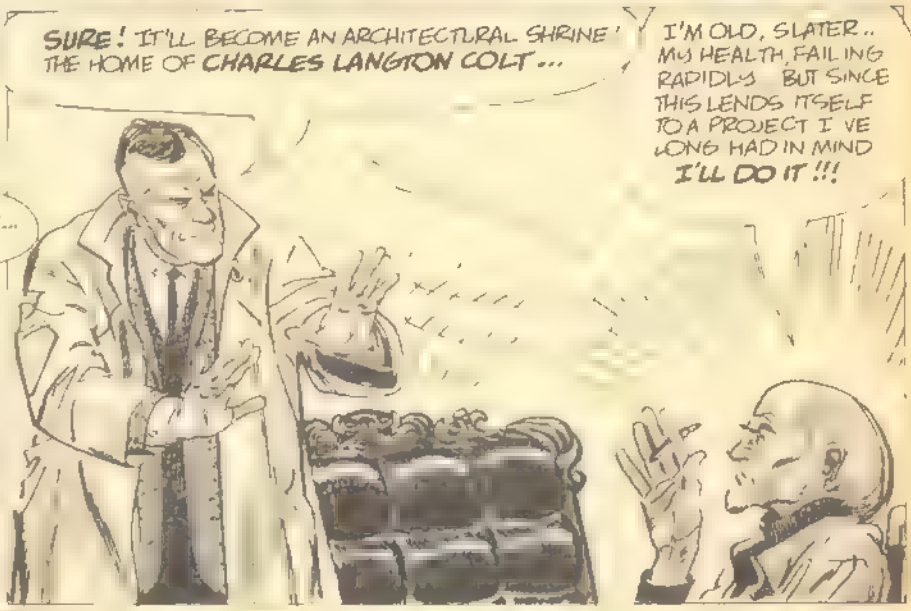
ART BY ALEX TOTH SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

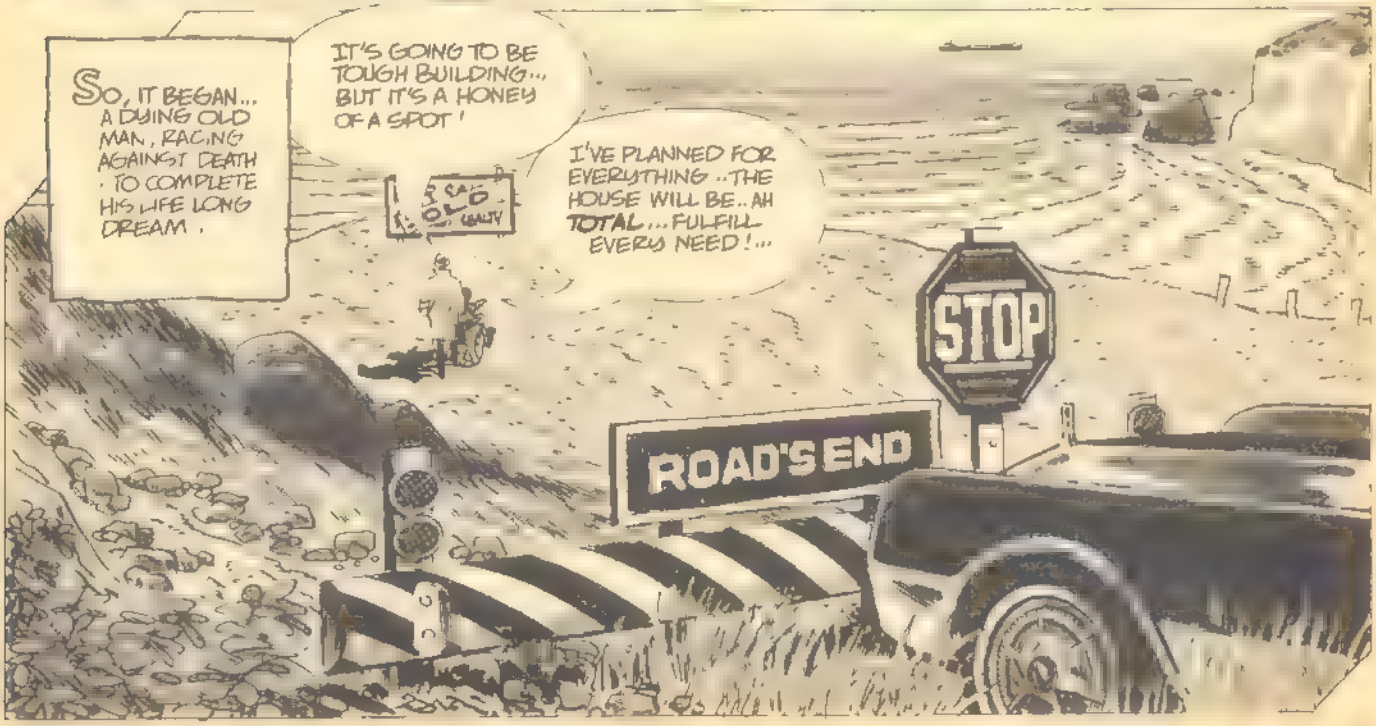
THAT'S PRECISELY WHY WE'RE LOSING BUSINESS!! OUR 'BEST' JUST ISN'T GOOD ENOUGH ANYMORE! WE CAN'T SEEM TO COME UP WITH ANYTHING NEW.. DIFFERENT!!!
BUT THIS PLAN OF YOURS EVAN... HOW DO YOU JUSTIFY WASTING OUR DWINDLING CAPITAL BY BUILDING A PRIVATE HOME FOR YOU?!!
CAN'T YOU GET IT THROUGH YOUR HEADS?! IT'LL BE A SHOWPLACE! OURS! THE FIRM'S! EXHIBITING OUR DESIGN TALENT..
A HUNK OF ARCHITECTURE SO GREAT THAT OUR FIRM'S REPUTATION WILL BE REMADE BY IT!!...
SO, KEEP LOOKING. FOR THE NEW, THE BOLD, DARING, BRILLIANT! AND DON'T SETTLE FOR LESS THAN THAT... BECAUSE I WON'T!!!
BAM!!!
THERE WAS NO EASY SOLUTION... SLATER KEPT ON WITH HIS OWN DESPERATE SEARCH.. ANYWHERE.. AND EVERYWHERE...
WHAT'S THIS?!! WHO DO THESE BELONG TO?!!
ROGER'S BEEN CLEANING OUT THE OLD PLAN FILES AND STORAGE BINS, EVAN! SOME OF THAT STUFF'S BEEN AROUND FOR FIFTEEN, TWENTY YEARS...!
UNBELIEVABLE!! EXACTLY THE TREATMENT.. THE FLAIR.. I WANT! CHARLES LANGTON COLT!... I-I REMEMBER NOW.. MANY YEARS AGO.. AN OLD CODGER WITH FAR-OUT IDEAS... AND NOBODY WOULD USE HIM!
WHEREVER HE WAS, THE OLD MAN HAD TO BE FOUND! HAD TO BE ALIVE!...
CHARLES LANGTON COLT, YOU'RE GOING TO DESIGN MY DREAMHOUSE... AND I WON'T TAKE 'NO' FOR AN ANSWER!!

NO, MR. SLATER !!!


LISTEN TO ME, COLT! YOU'RE DYING AWAY IN THIS FLEABAG HOTEL ROOM! WASTING YOUR TALENT ON BALSA WOOD MODELS NO ONE WILL EVER SEE! HOW CAN YOU — ?
I VOWED A LONG TIME AGO, TO WORK ONLY FOR MYSELF! NO ONE ELSE APPRECIATES MY WORK... !!!

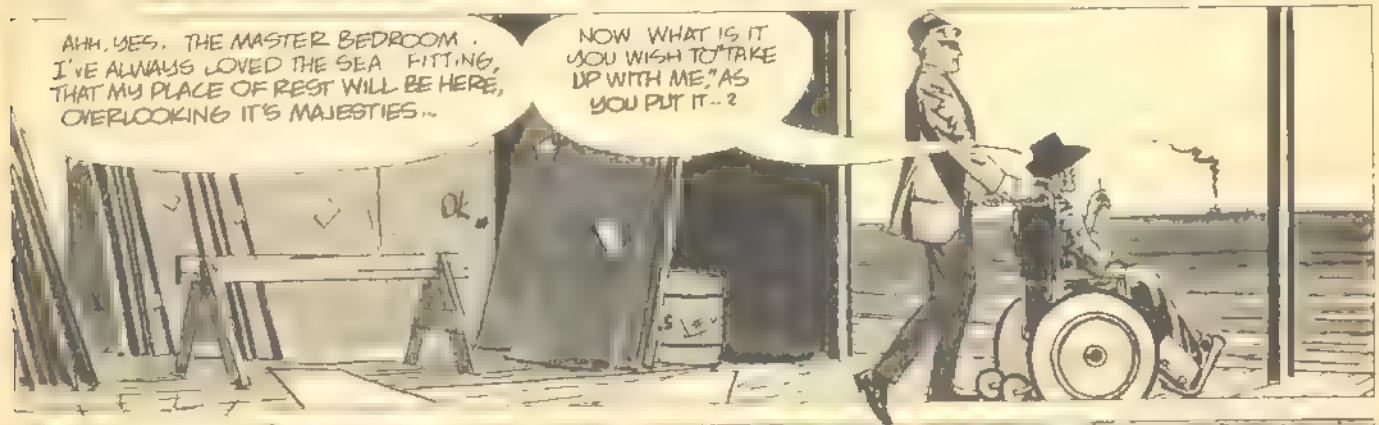

SLATER'S MINI MONEY GOD FOUND HE HAD TO HAVE COLT'S WORK
THEN LET IT BE YOURS! MY FIRM WILL PUT UP THE MONEY. BUILD IT JUST THE WAY YOU WANT!! TO SUIT YOUR NEEDS! A MONUMENT TO YOUR GENIUS !!!
...MONUMENT ?...

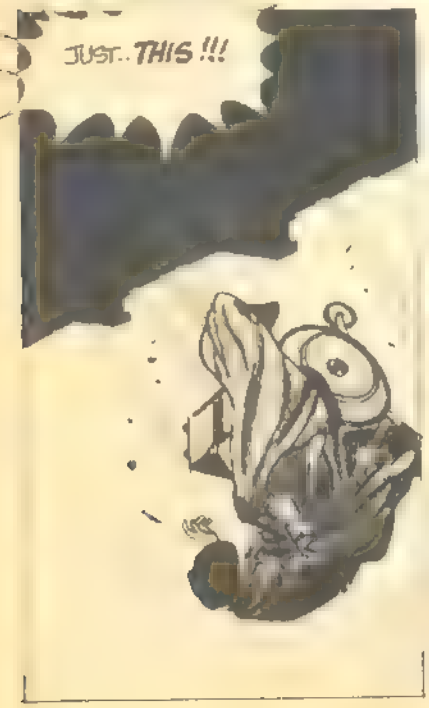

SURE! IT'LL BECOME AN ARCHITECTURAL SHRINE! THE HOME OF CHARLES LANGTON COLT...
I'M OLD, SLATER.. MY HEALTH, FAILING RAPIDLY BUT SINCE THIS LENDS ITSELF TO A PROJECT I VE LONG HAD IN MIND I'LL DO IT !!!

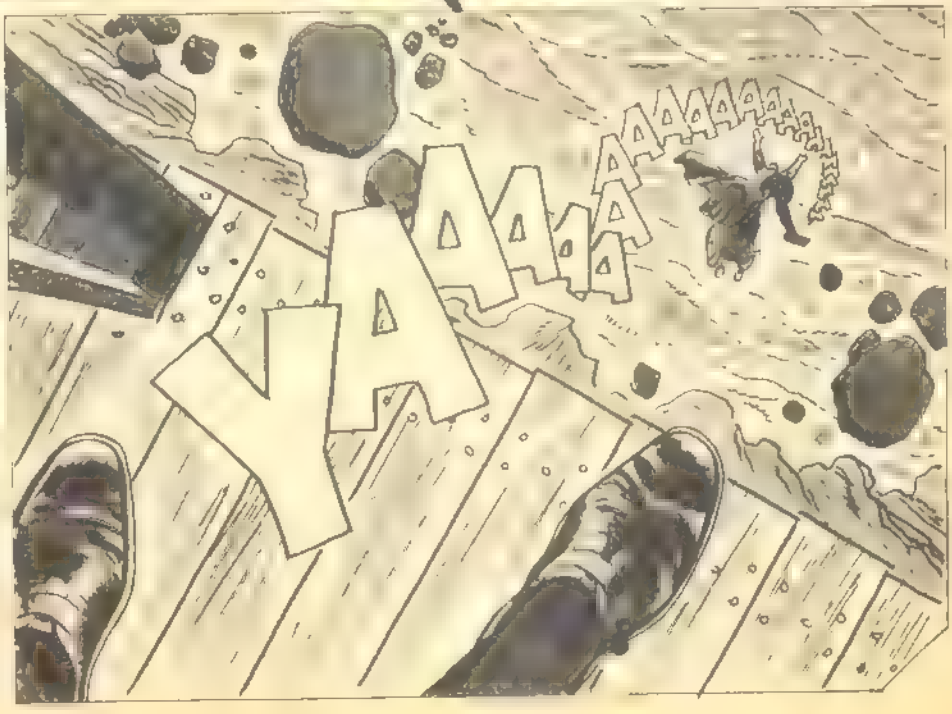

SO, IT BEGAN... A DYING OLD MAN, RACING AGAINST DEATH TO COMPLETE HIS LIFE LONG DREAM.
IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH BUILDING... BUT IT'S A HONEY OF A SPOT!
I'VE PLANNED FOR EVERYTHING.. THE HOUSE WILL BE.. AH TOTAL... FULFILL EVERY NEED!...
STOP
ROAD'S END

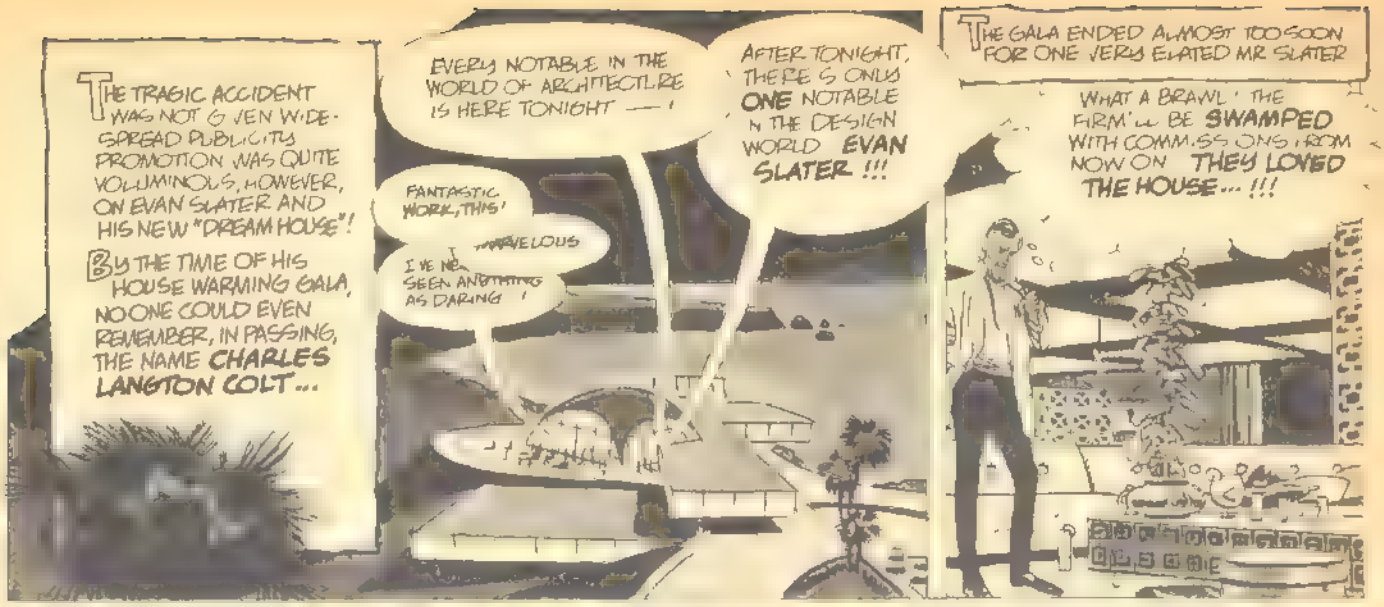
HAVE YOU SEEN EVERYTHING THE PLANS CALL FOR? I'VE BEEN IN CONSTRUCTION FOR THIRTY YEARS, BUT I'VE NEVER...
JUST DO IT!.. DON'T QUESTION GENIUS!!!

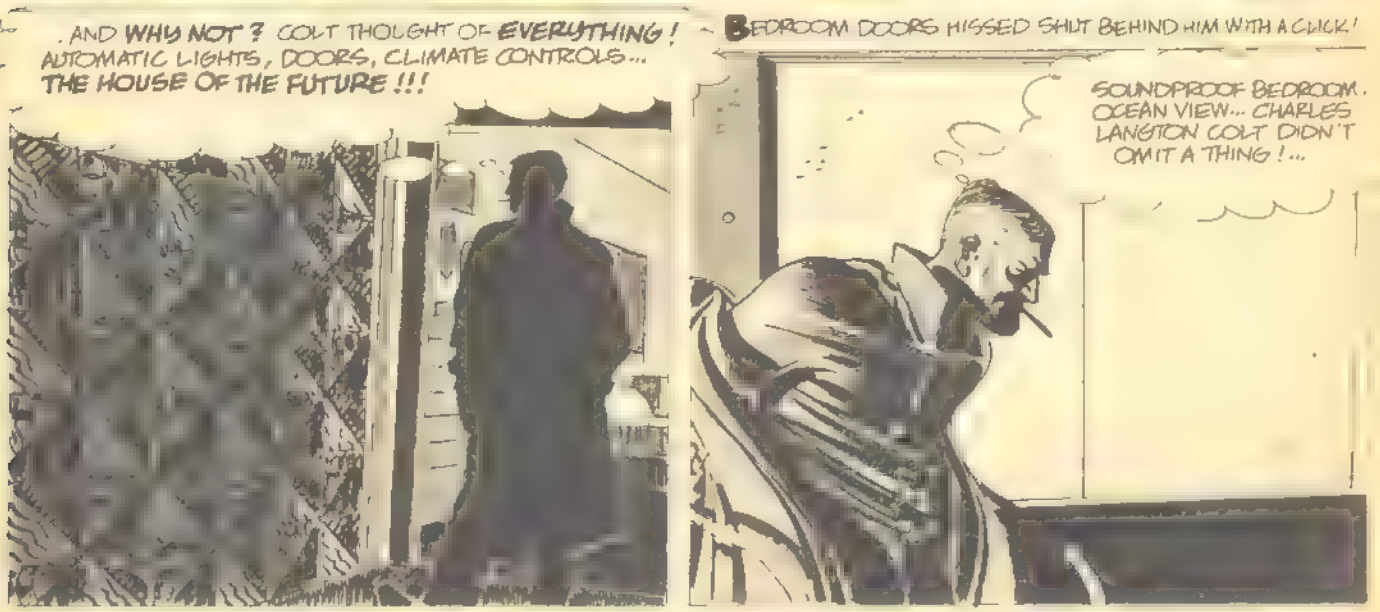
THE HOUSE TOOK FORM AND WAS NEARING IT'S COMPLETION... ALL OF COLT'S REQUIREMENTS WERE BEING MET...
IT'S GOING PERFECTLY! THE CONSTRUCTION CREW DOESN'T REALLY NEED ME UNDERFOOT ANYMORE ! SHOULDN'T YOU BE KICKING OFF OUR PUBLICITY AND PROMOTION ABOUT NOW..?
THERE'S STILL A FEW POINTS I WANT TO TAKE UP WITH YOU BEFORE I GET TO THAT!

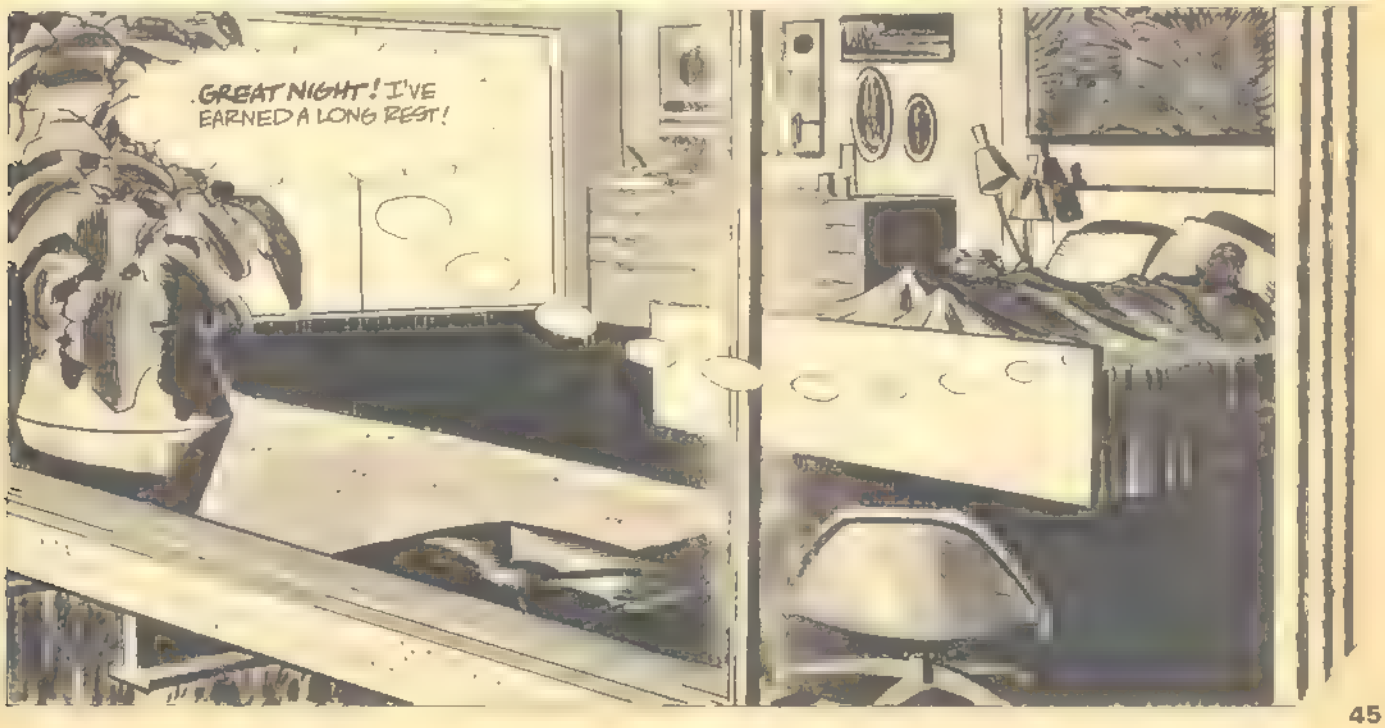

AHH, YES. THE MASTER BEDROOM. I'VE ALWAYS LOVED THE SEA FITTING, THAT MY PLACE OF REST WILL BE HERE, OVERLOOKING IT'S MAJESTIES...
NOW WHAT IS IT YOU WISH TO "TAKE UP WITH ME," AS YOU PUT IT..?


JUST.. THIS!!!


AAAAAAAAAAAA


THE TRAGIC ACCIDENT WAS NOT GIVEN WIDESPREAD PUBLICITY. PROMOTION WAS QUITE VOLUMINOUS, HOWEVER, ON EVAN SLATER AND HIS NEW "DREAM HOUSE"!
BY THE TIME OF HIS HOUSE WARMING GALA, NO ONE COULD EVEN REMEMBER, IN PASSING, THE NAME CHARLES LANGTON COLT...
EVERY NOTABLE IN THE WORLD OF ARCHITECTURE IS HERE TONIGHT —!
FANTASTIC WORK, THIS!
MARVELOUS
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING AS DARING!
AFTER TONIGHT, THERE'S ONLY ONE NOTABLE IN THE DESIGN WORLD EVAN SLATER!!!
THE GALA ENDED ALMOST TOO SOON FOR ONE VERY ELATED MR SLATER
WHAT A BRAWL! THE FIRM'LL BE SWAMPED WITH COMMISSIONS FROM NOW ON THEY LOVED THE HOUSE...!!!


...AND WHY NOT? COLT THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING! AUTOMATIC LIGHTS, DOORS, CLIMATE CONTROLS... THE HOUSE OF THE FUTURE!!!
BEDROOM DOORS HISSED SHUT BEHIND HIM WITH A CLICK!
SOUNDPROOF BEDROOM. OCEAN VIEW... CHARLES LANGTON COLT DIDN'T OMIT A THING!...


GREAT NIGHT! I'VE EARNED A LONG REST!

SLATER'S HEAD HAD BARELY TOUCHED THE PILLOW WHEN A WHIR OF SOLENOID ACTIVATED CONTROLS WAS HEARD AND
WHAT ?!
CLICK! SSSSSSSS
CHARLES LANGTON COLT SPEAKING.. THIS IS A RECORDING!..
SNAP!
WALL PANELS OPENED BEHIND SLATER... ODD, ALMOST SINISTER MACHINERY, NOW SET INTO MOTION, WAS REVEALED..
HELP! SOMEBODY HELP GET ME LOOSE!
CLICK!
IT IS PROGRAMMED FOR NON-STOP RE-PLAYING UNTIL I AM FOUND, AND THIS RECORDER IS SHUT OFF!..
...THE COMPLETION OF THIS HOUSE MARKS THE CULMINATION OF ALL MY DREAMS... I'VE NO DESIRE TO OUTLIVE IT... AND, THUS...
YE GODS! COLT BUILT IN HIS OWN EMBALMING MACHINE!!!
...THE CHARLES LANGTON COLT HOUSE STANDS AS A MONUMENT TO MY CREATIVE TALENTS! I CAN THINK OF NO MORE FITTING STRUCTURE TO HOUSE MY REMAINS.. AND SERVE AS MY TOMB... CLICK! SSSSSSS
JUST INSIDE EACH ELBOW, SLATER FELT THE SUDDEN, SHARP PROBE OF NEEDLES!
AAAAAAAAAAAARRRRGH
NOOOOOO
EVAN SLATER FELL BACK, HELPLESSLY, AS HIS LIFE'S BLOOD DRAINED SLOWLY FROM HIS BODY.
THE ROOM SPUN WILDLY ABOUT HIM, AS HIS FAST-DIMINISHING CONSCIOUSNESS ABSORBED COLT'S LAST WORDS..
CLICK! SSSS ..MY TOMB.. CLICK! SSSS ..MY TOMB.. CLICK! SSSS ..MY TOMB.. CLICK! SSSS ..MY TOMB..
SHHH PUM SHHH PUM SHHH PUM
END
BUILDING COLT'S HOUSE WAS A BIG DRAIN ON EVAN SLATER, TO BE SURE. BUT HE'S GOT AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF TIME TO REST UP!
NOW, IF YOU'RE TOO SHOOK UP TO REST, TAKE A LOOK AT THE NEXT LI'L CHILLER I'VE CONSTRUCTED FOR YOU!

ART BY EUGENE COLAN SCRIPT BY ARCHIE GOODWIN

NOW THAT OUR PULSATING PROLOGUE IS OVER, LET'S FIND OUT WHAT THE SHOUTING IS ALL ABOUT... BERT CAINE IS GOING TO TELL YOU OF THE HORRIFIC HAPPENINGS ON THE OCEAN FLOOR THAT DROVE HIM INTO THE BOOBY HATCH AND LEFT HIM WITH A BAD CASE OF...
FULL FATHOM FRIGHT
SAM AND I SHOULD NEVER HAVE LET THE OLD MAN CHARTER OUR BOAT OR OUR SERVICES... WE COULD HAVE GONE ON BEING BEACH BUMS, SCRAPING OUT A LIVING... BUT WE DIDN'T! WE WERE TOO EAGER... AND GREEDY!
THE OLD MAN WASN'T NUTS! IT'S DOWN HERE ... JUST LIKE HE SAID!

IT'S DOWN THERE! AND THE CHEST IS INSIDE! IT'LL TAKE SAM AND I BOTH TO GET IT OUT!
CHEST GIVES OFF A FUNNY GLOW...LIGHTS UP THE INNER HULL OF THE WRECK...KINDA SPOOKY! MUST BE PHOSPHORUS!
HIM AND THAT BOOK...THAT BLASTED OLD BOOK...WITH ITS HAND-SCRAWLED PAGES...ANCIENT AND EVIL...
JUST AS THE BOOK SAID! YOU MUST BRING IT UP IMMEDIATELY!
MUST BE SOMETHIN' PRETTY VALUABLE IN THAT CHEST... MAYBE TREASURE, HUH?
VALUABLE? BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS! DON'T TRY TO OPEN IT DOWN THERE... JUST BRING IT UP TO ME! I'VE WAITED YEARS FOR THIS...IT'S GOING TO BE MINE! TO DO WITH AS I WANT...MINE! AFTER CENTURIES BELOW...
KACHUNK
GUESS THAT TREASURE WON'T BE HIS AFTER ALL...

HEY! NOW WE CAN GET A LOOK AT THE BOOK... SEE HOW HE KNEW ABOUT ALL THIS!
WITH THAT TREASURE CHEST WAITIN' BELOW? COME ON!
IF ONLY I'D LOOKED AT THE BOOK THEN! INSTEAD OF AFTERWARD WHEN IT WAS TOO LATE!
ALL WE COULD THINK OF WAS GOLD AND JEWELS WAITING FOR US IN THE ROTTING HULL OF THAT SHIP... WAITING IN THAT STRANGE GLOWING CHEST...
SAM WAS MORE ANXIOUS THAN I WAS... WHEN HE SAW THE LIGHT COMING FROM WITHIN THE HULL, HE PUSHED ON AHEAD...
HE COULDN'T WAIT... BEFORE I COULD CATCH UP, SAM WAS PRYING AT THE LID TO THE CHEST...

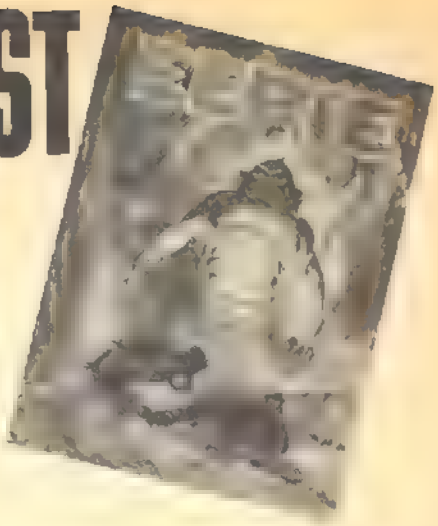
POOR SAM! HE NEVER GOT TO SEE THE BOOK... NEVER GOT TO KNOW ABOUT THE SHIP AND ITS ORIGINAL PASSENGERS... A WEIRD CULT DRIVEN OUT OF ENGLAND... DRIVEN OUT FOR WORSHIPPING ... DEMONS!
THE OLD MAN HAD KNOWN! FOUND THE BOOK AND BELIEVED... WANTED TO REKINDLE THE CULT'S POWER... TO BRING BACK WHAT HAD BEEN SHUT IN THE CHEST FOR THE CENTURIES SINCE THE SHIP WAS SUNK!
DOWN DEEP UNDERWATER THEY CALL IT THE SILENT WORLD... BUT WHEN SAM OPENED THE CHEST, I HEARD A SOUND... A LOUD HORRIBLE SOUND!
AWWWRROWWRRRRR

THE T-TH NG TORE NTO SAM AND CAME RUSHING FORWARD TOWARD ME.. SOMEHOW MY PETRIFIED FINGERS FOUND THE TRIGGER TO THE SPEAR GUN..
THUNNGG
THE WATER BOILED WITH THE CREATURE'S THRASHINGS AS THE SPEAR WENT HOME, THEN TURNED INTO AN INKY BLACK CLOUD.. AND OUT OF IT SWIRLED WHAT WAS LEFT OF MY BROTHER!
SOMEHOW I MADE IT TO OUR BOAT BUT AS I PULLED SAM ABOARD...
SAM! WHAT THE--
I CLUTCHED ONTO SAM AND SHOT FOR THE SURFACE, NEVER ONCE LOOKING BACK TO THE DEPTHS BELOW WHERE I KNEW THAT CENTURIES OLD HORROR WAS STILL LOOSE AND RAMPANT!
OH, MY GOD!

LIKE A WEREWOLF OR VAMPIRE, THE BITE OF THE DEMON HAD BEEN INFECTIOUS TRANSFORMING SAM! BUT BEING A CREATURE OF THE DEEP, ONE OTHER ELEMENT WAS NECESSARY FOR THE CHANGE WATER!
THUD
COULD I BECOME ONE TOO? THE THING THAT HAD ONCE BEEN MY BROTHER WAS DRAGGING ME NEAR THE SIDE OF THE BOAT TOWARD THE WATER WHEN MY HAND GRASPED COLD STEEL...
IT WAS MY LAST DESPERATE CHANCE! I JERKED THE SPEAR FROM THE OLD MAN'S BODY AND PLUNGED IT INTO THE CREATURE!
SPLASH
WOUNDED AND BLEEDING, I GRASPED THE OLD MAN'S BOOK, THAT VOLUME OF THE CULT HANDED DOWN FOR GENERATIONS, LOOKING FOR ANSWERS... ANSWERS I NOW KNOW ALL TOO WELL!
I WAS STILL READING THE BOOK WHEN THAT AWESOME THING FROM BELOW STRUCK WITH FULL FURY!
SMASHH

EPILOGUE: THE PATIENT'S SCREAMING STILL ECHOED IN THE CORRIDORS AS THE DOCTORS CHATTED IN THEIR OFFICE...
COAST GUARD FOUND HIM ATOP A LARGE PIECE OF WRECKAGE... REMARKABLY ENOUGH, HE'D MANAGED TO KEEP DRY...
BUT NOT THIS BOOK! MOST OF THE INK'S BEEN WASHED AWAY..
THE BOOK WAS HARMLESS! GUILT OVER KILLING THE OLD MAN MADE BERT'S MIND CREATE THE DEMON, DROVE HIM TO KILL SAM... IT HAPPENED IN THE WATER, HENCE HIS NEUROTIC FEAR WATER WILL TRANSFORM HIM... IT'S CLASSIC!
I KNOW... YET I WORRY ABOUT SHOCK THERAPY...
NO NEED TO... IT'S JUST THE STANDARD TREATMENT!
THAT'S WHY I'M UNEASY.. THE TREATMENT INCLUDES ELECTRO-THERAPY PLUS--
AHHH!
--B- BATHS IN HOT AND COLD WATER!!
AWWROWRRR
OOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE DOC'S PRESCRIBED THE WRONG TREATMENT! AND THEY THINK THEIR PATIENTS ARE NUTS... ONCE BERT JOINS THEM, THEY'LL PROBABLY SEA THEIR MISTAKE! MEANTIME, THERE'S OCEANS OF TERROR BUBBLING UP IN MY NEXT ISSUE!

WE HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FRIGHT!



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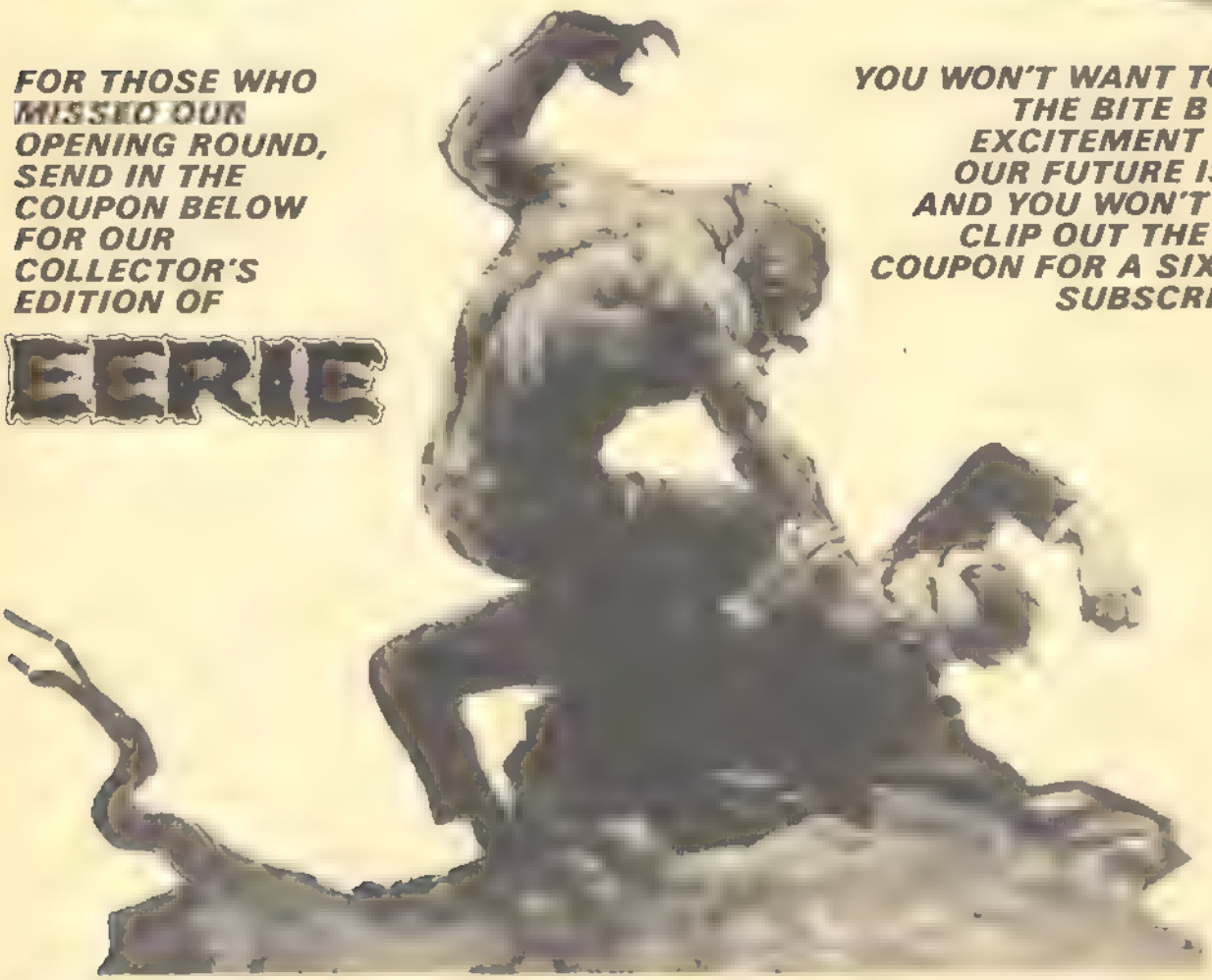

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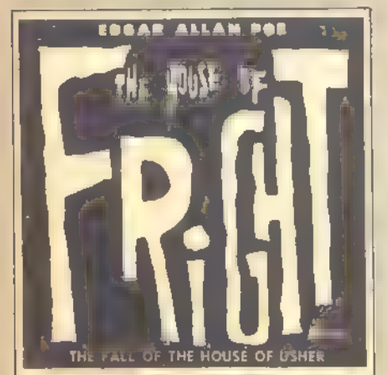

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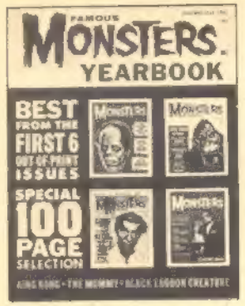

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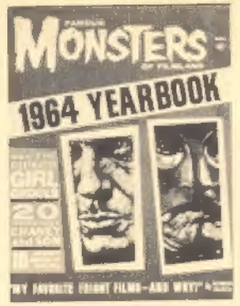

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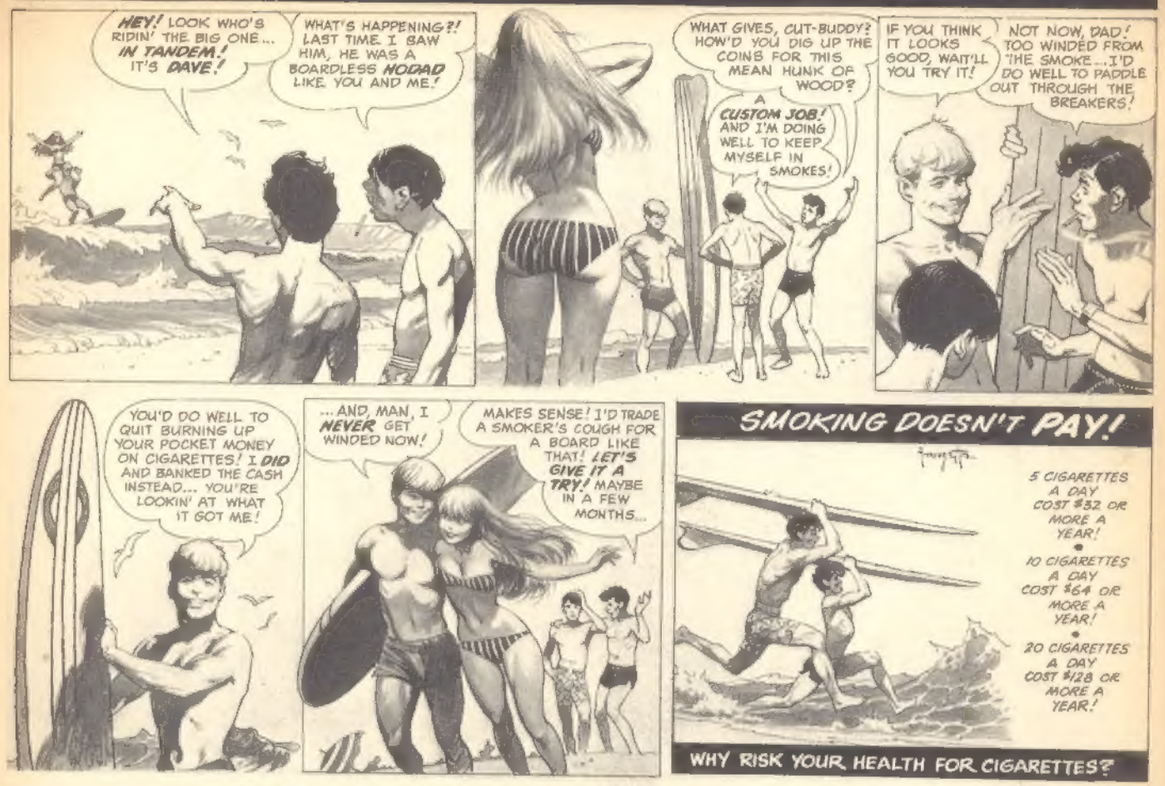

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MAIL 50c FOR EACH BOOK TO CAPTAIN CO., Dept. E 3, Philadelphia, Pa. 19138

NOOOOOO!!!

GREETINGS, GHOULS! FROM THE GLINT IN YOUR BEADY LITTLE EYES I SEE YOU'RE SET FOR ANOTHER SESSION OF MONSTROUS MAYHEM WITH OUR USUAL GANG OF GHOSTS, WEREWOLVES, VAMPIRES, AND OTHER CREATURES! ALL IN THIS FRANTIC ISSUE OF EERIE!!!

ROWRRRRR